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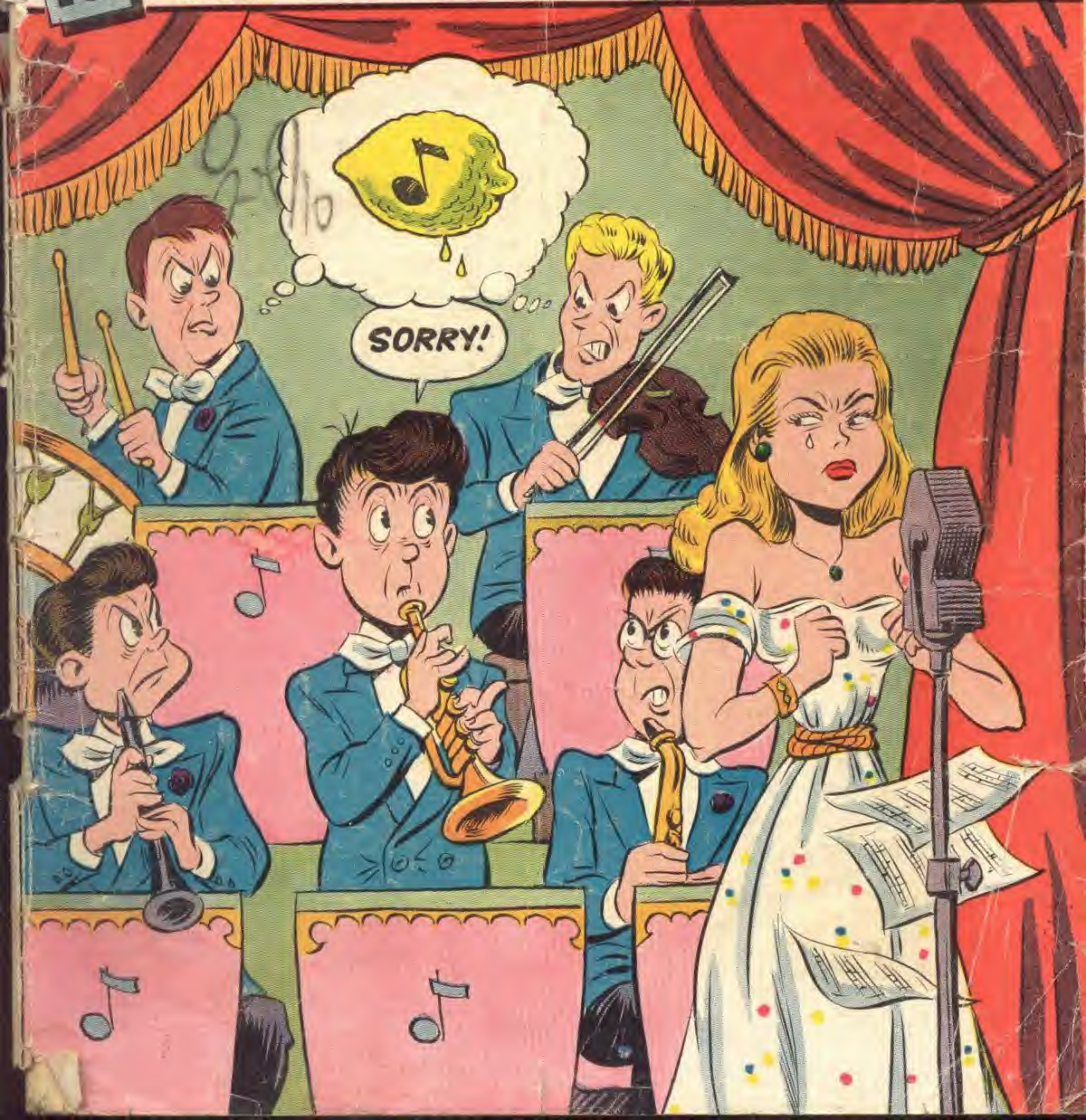
DEC.-JAN.

# GOOKIE

IND.

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





# WUXTRY!

## COMICS MAGAZINE

New **SMASH HIT!**

IT'S **Hi-Jinx**

... THE GREATEST FUNNY BOOK  
THAT EVER HIT THE STANDS!  
AND FEATURING A **BRAND-NEW**  
**IDEA IN COMICS THAT'LL**  
**SPLIT YOUR SIDES!**  
**FOR THE FIRST TIME...**  
**TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES!**  
THEY'RE RIOTOUS...DELIGHTFULLY  
DIFFERENT! THINK ONLY HUMANS  
CAN CUT A RUG? THEN MEET  
SOME **REAL HEPCATS...** A  
MERRY MENAGERIE OF JOYOUS  
JITTERBUGS IN SENSATIONAL,  
SMILE-A-SECOND STORIES  
GEARED FOR GIGGLES AND  
GASPS!

**DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN**  
**YOU! Remember...you'll**  
**bust your stitches if**  
**you read**

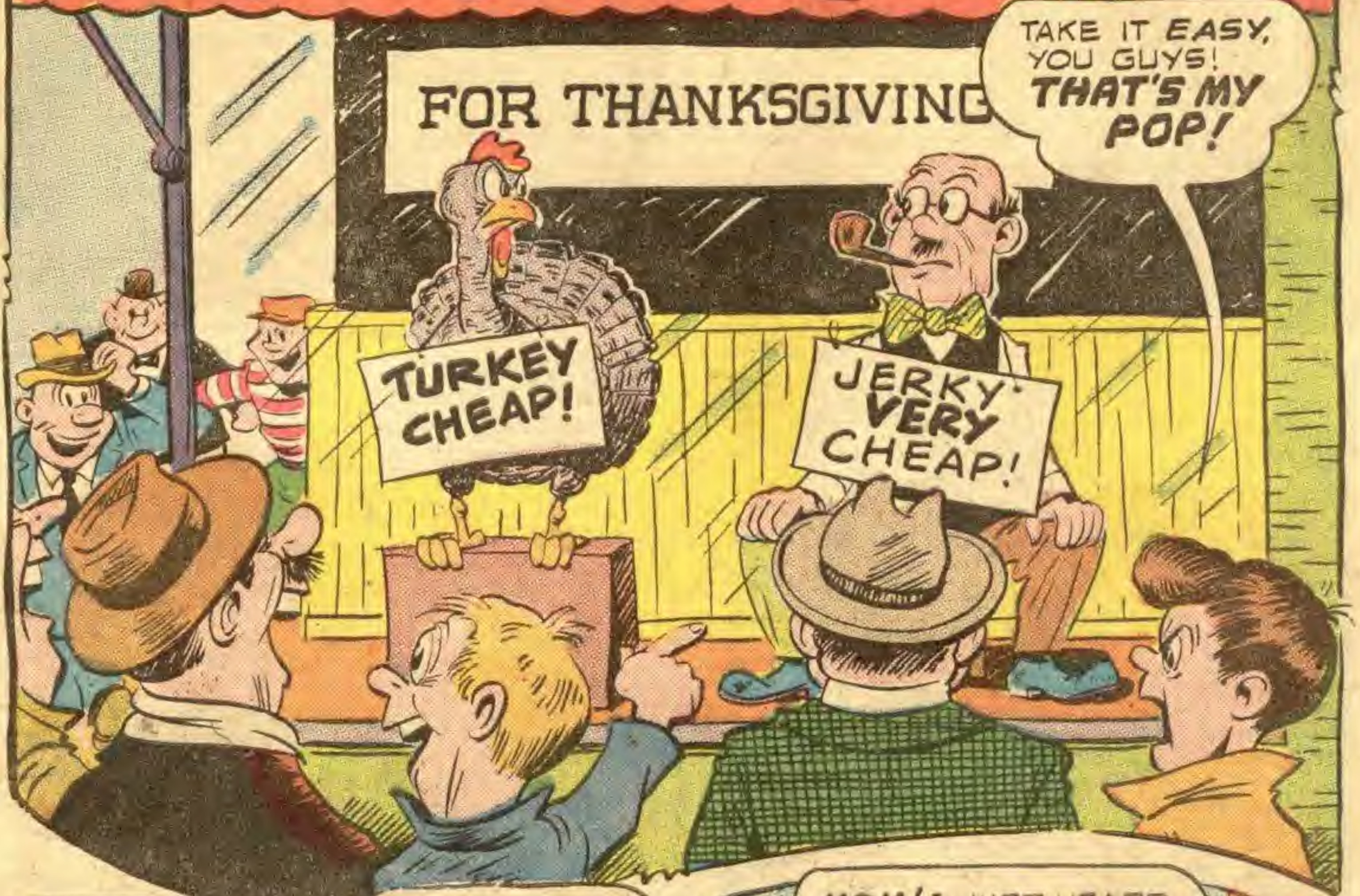
**Hi-Jinx**  
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES



**10¢ ON ALL STANDS**



# "COOKIE"







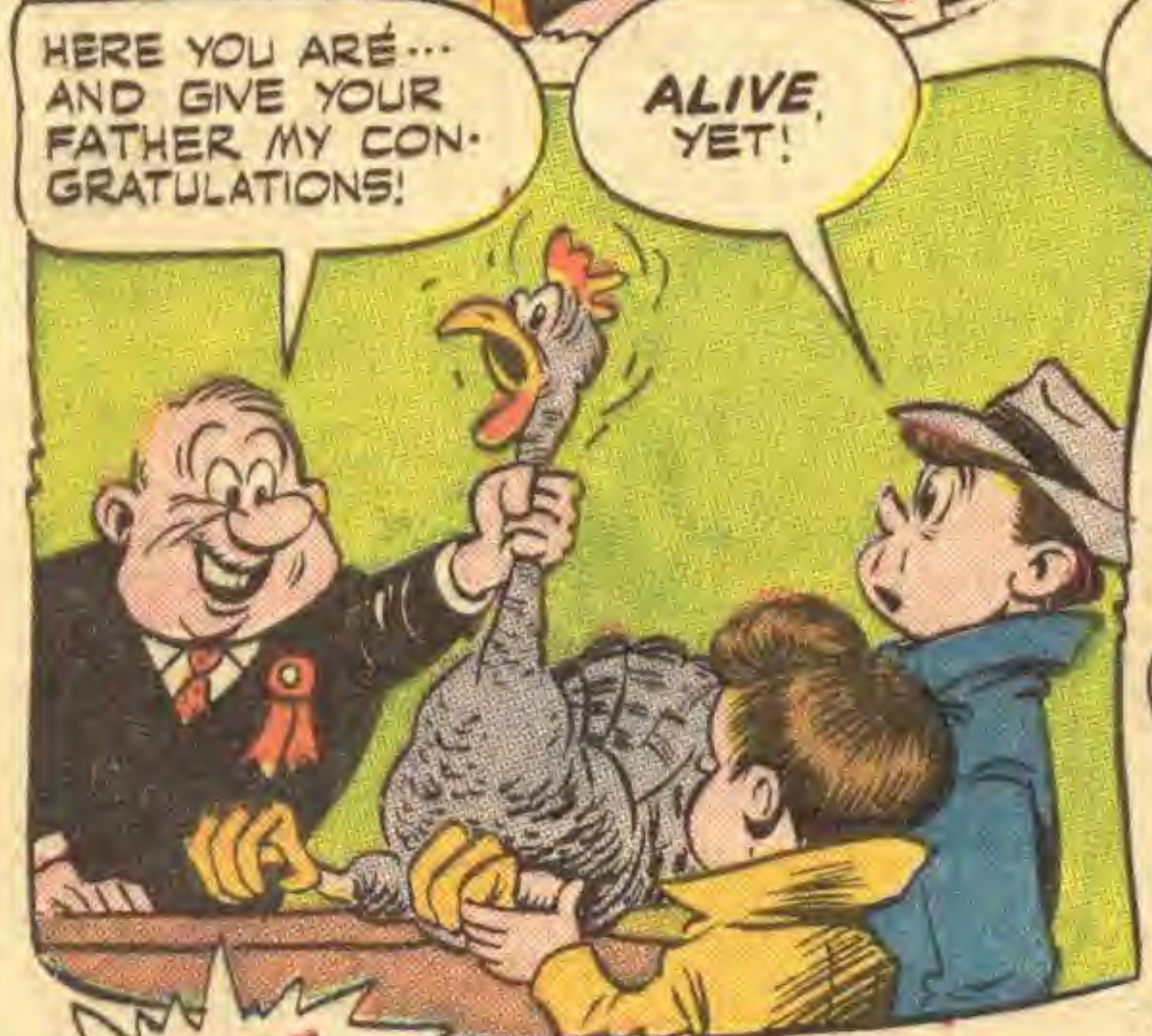
...AND LOOK, SON...DO ME A FAVOR! GO DOWN TO THE LODGE HALL AND PICK UP THE BIRD, HUH?

NATCH, POP! AND... ER...YOU'LL HAVE MY ALLOWANCE READY WHEN I GET BACK?

HEY, COOK... WOT'S THE RUSH?

HI, JITTERBUCK! GOTTA PICK UP A THANKSGIVIN' TURKEY MY POP JUST WON! C'MON ALONG!

THAT I WILL, BOY... *THAT I WILL!*



HERE YOU ARE... AND GIVE YOUR FATHER MY CONGRATULATIONS!

ALIVE, YET!

WOW...WOTTA BIRD! THAT'S GONNA MAKE *SOME* MEAL!



**HEY!**

OH-OH! HE GOT LOOSE!



OH, FOR THE LOVE OF HARRY JAMES...!

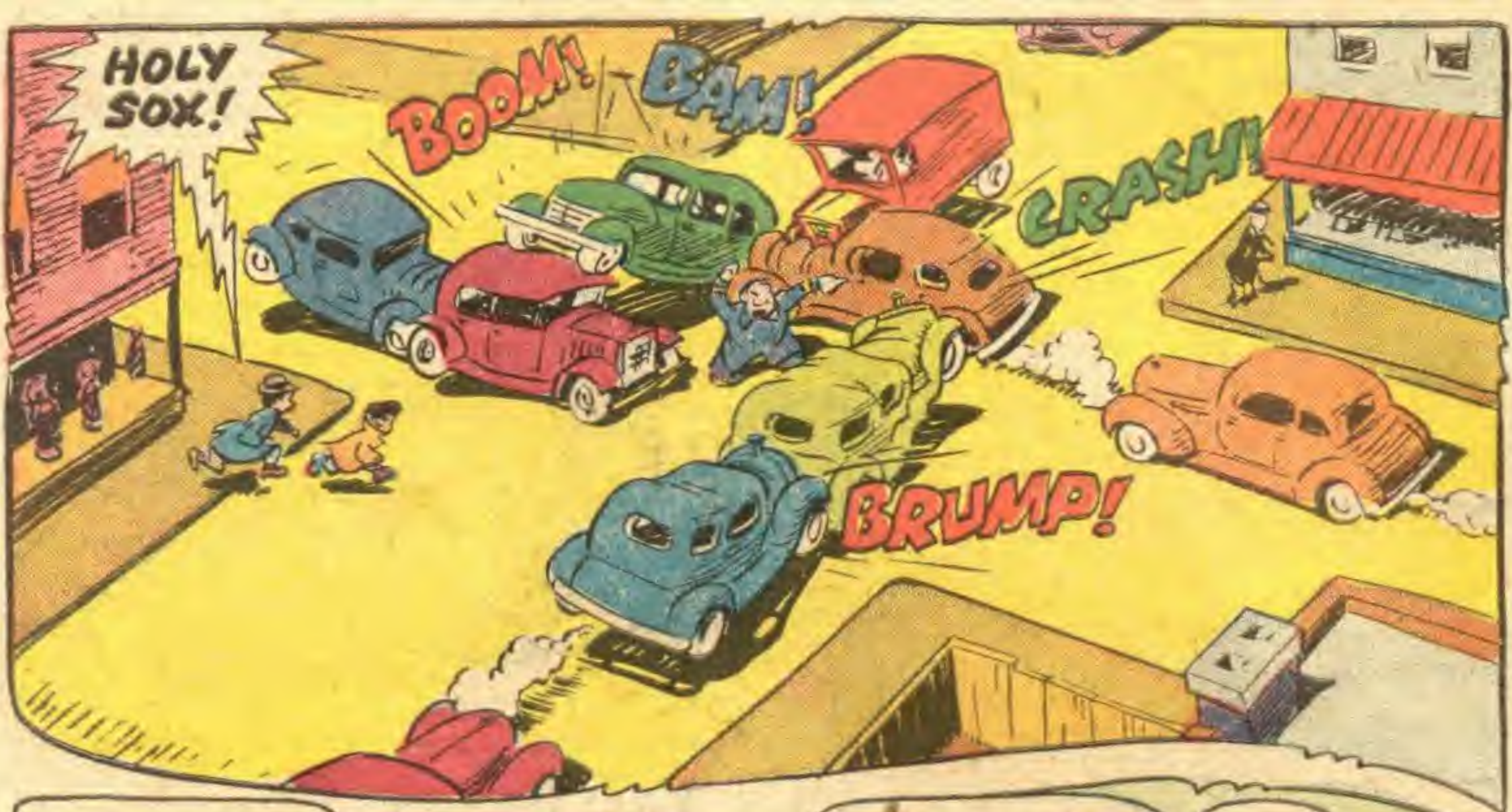
**CRASH!**

BEAUTY SALON











NO USE GRIPIN' MISTER  
...IT WAS **YOUR** TURKEY  
THAT **CAUSED** THE  
DAMAGE!

YEAH...**GET IT  
UP!** MY TRUCK'S  
A **WRECK!**

AND MY CAR'S  
**RUINED!**

HEY, DON'T FORGET  
TA SAVE SOME FER  
THE **TAXI FARE!**



OH, EDITH...THIS WILL **KILL**  
YOU! POP WINS A TURKEY AND IS  
BRAGGING ABOUT GETTING  
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING...  
BUT BY THE TIME IT REACHES  
THE HOUSE, IT COSTS HIM  
**\$168.00!** NO **FOOLING!**  
AND **BESIDES** THAT...

**GR-RRRRR...**

WELL, DON'T JUST  
**STAND THERE!**  
**TIE THAT THING**  
**UP AND GET THE**  
**AXE!**

NOT **ME, POP!** I  
DON'T WANT THIS  
POOR GUY'S  
BLOOD ON MY  
HANDS!



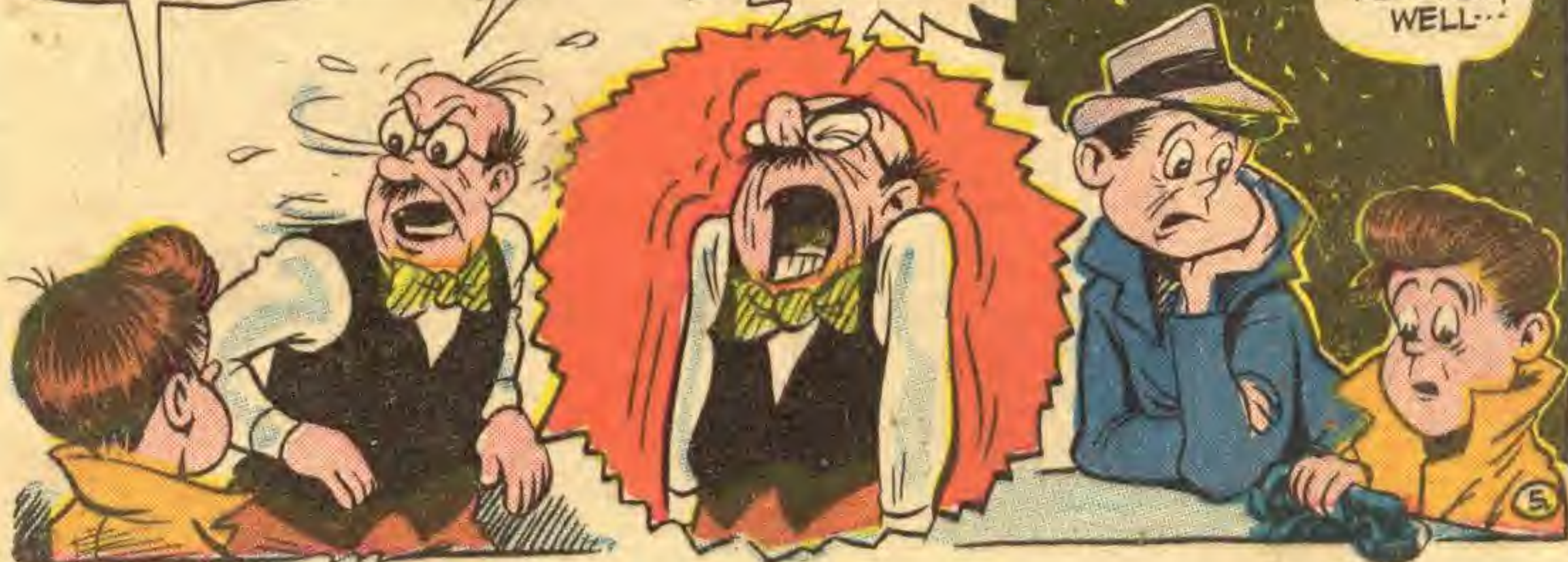
...**BESIDES**, I'M NOT  
HUNGRY! SO IF YOU'LL  
JUST GIVE ME THE  
DOUGH FOR THAT  
FOOTBALL GAME...

DOUGH FOR THE  
GAME...**DOUGH**  
... **DOUGH**...

**DON'T  
MENTION  
DOUGH  
TO ME!**

TOO BAD,  
COOKIE!

YEAH...  
THAT  
MEANS I  
DON'T GO  
TA THE GAME  
WITH ANGEL-  
PUSS! OH,  
WELL...





HELLO...ANGEL? LOOK, I  
WON'T BE ABLE TA GO TA  
THE GAME WITH YA TODAY!  
I...

OH, *COOKIE!* WHY  
*NOT?* I'D COUNTED  
SO MUCH ON GOING  
WITH YOU!

WELL, YA SEE  
...I...ER...AH...

TELL HER YER  
ON THE TEAM...  
YA GOTTA PLAY!  
SAY THE COACH  
CALLED YA AT  
THE LAST MINUTE  
...YOU KNOW!

ER...YEAH! YA SEE,  
I GOTTA *PLAY!* THE  
COACH JUST CALLED  
ME, AN'...

WHY, *COOKIE*...THAT'S  
*WONDERFUL!* I'LL GO  
TO THE GAME WITH  
ZOOT...I JUST CAN'T  
*WAIT* TO SEE YOU  
IN UNIFORM! G'BYE  
NOW!

HUH? HEY, *ANGELPUSS*  
...WAIT! ER...WOT AM I  
SAYING?

**SLAM!**

CLICK!  
CLICK!  
CLICK!

YOU...*YOU*...PUTTIN' WORDS  
IN MY MOUTH, AN' *LIES*, AT  
THAT! WOT HAPPENS WHEN  
SHE FINDS OUT I'M *NOT*  
PLAYIN', BRAIN-CHILD?

ER...

LOOK...*I'M* ON THE TEAM,  
AN' I KNOW THE COACH IS  
*NEAR-SIGHTED!* WITH-  
OUT HIS GLASSES, HE CAN'T  
TELL THE PIGSKIN FROM  
THE PIG! *C'MON...I GOT*  
*AN IDEA!*

SOMETIMES  
I WISH I WAS  
AN *ELEPHANT!*



PSST...LOOK! THE COACH'S GLASSES! ...C'MON IN!

FOR PLAYERS ONLY

QUIT WORRYIN' AN' GET THAT UNIFORM ON! HE CAN'T SEE A THING!

OOPS... PARDON ME!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

?

And so...the big game begins...

YAY! TOUCHDOWN!

HURRAY!

HEY, COACH...IT WUZ THEM WOT MADE THE TOUCHDOWN! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY?

ER...IT WAS? TSK,TSK...WITHOUT MY GLASSES,I DON'T KNOW THE PLAYERS FROM THE GOAL POSTS!

YOO-HOO! COOKIE!

GO ON OVER AN' TALK TA HER...YOU GOT NOTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT!

COAC

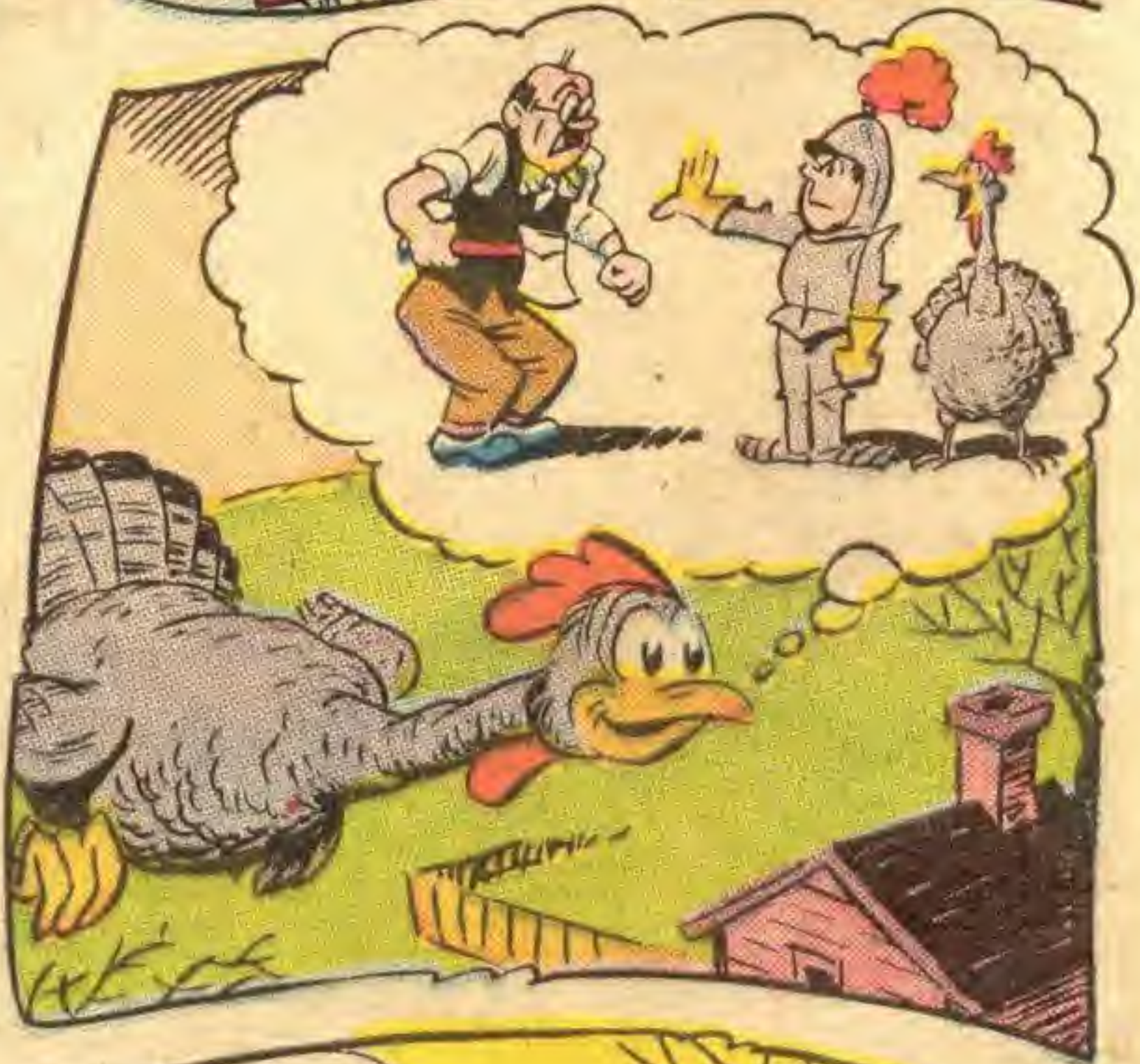


In the meantime  
...what's with POP?

HOLD STILL!...OH, SO  
YA WANNA RASSLE,  
DO YA? WHY, I'LL...



...THERE!



COME  
BACK HERE,  
YOU...



FOOTBALL  
TODAY



OH, COOKIE! THEY'RE THREE POINTS AHEAD, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MINUTE LEFT TO PLAY! I THOUGHT THAT YOU...

YEAH, HERO BOY! WHEN ARE THEY GONNA SEND YOU IN THERE TO WIN THE GAME FOR US? HAW-HAW!

WELL, ER...

WHY, COOKIE!

ULP!

GOBBLE-GOBBLE!

WHOOSH!

HEY!

TWEET!

?

SO... YOU! WHERE'S THAT TURKEY?

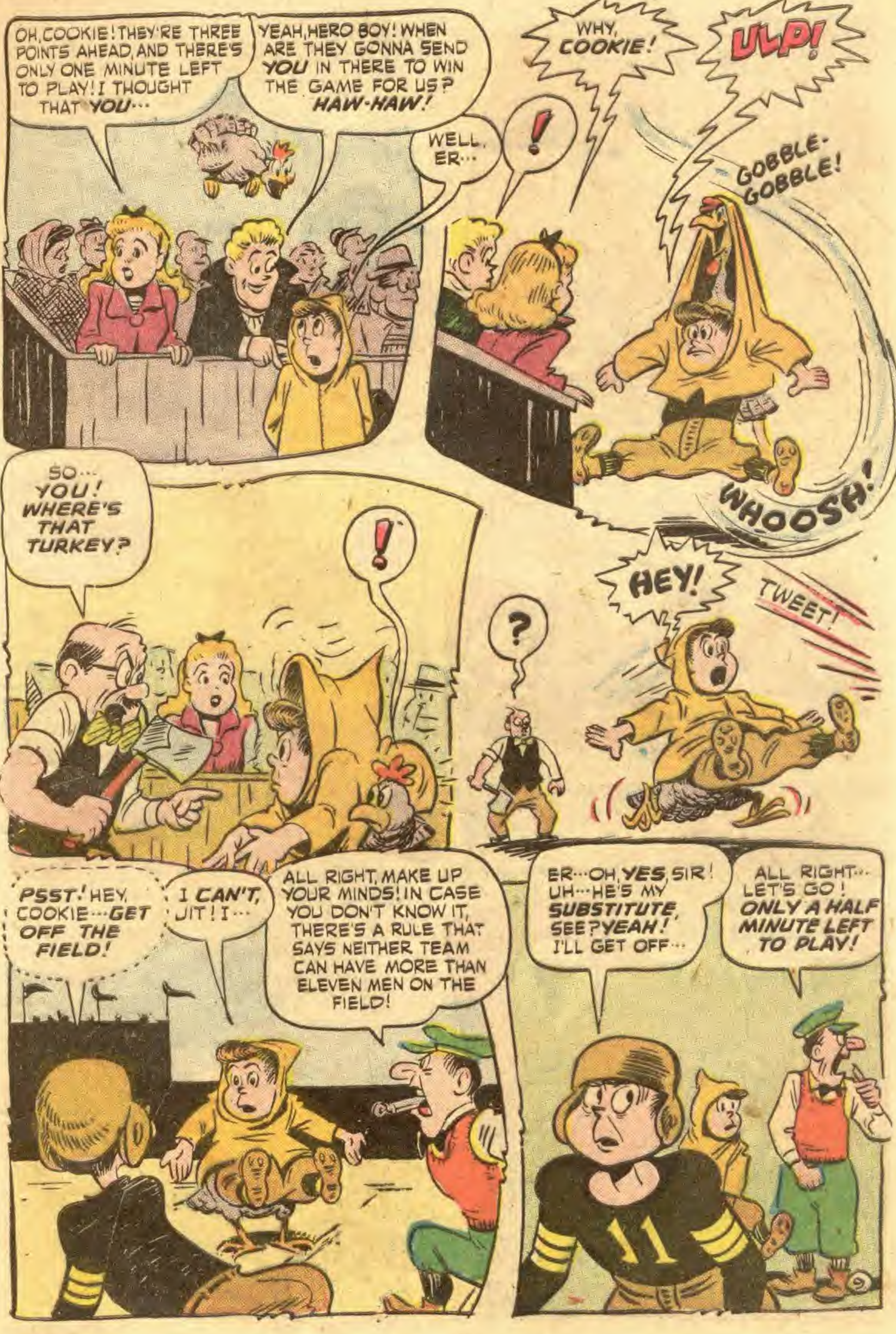
PSST! HEY, COOKIE... GET OFF THE FIELD!

I CAN'T, JIT! I...

ALL RIGHT, MAKE UP YOUR MINDS! IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, THERE'S A RULE THAT SAYS NEITHER TEAM CAN HAVE MORE THAN ELEVEN MEN ON THE FIELD!

ER... OH, YES, SIR! UH... HE'S MY SUBSTITUTE, SEE? YEAH! I'LL GET OFF...

ALL RIGHT... LET'S GO! ONLY A HALF MINUTE LEFT TO PLAY!











ALL RIGHT, YOU!  
COME DOWN  
OFFA THERE!

B-BUT...



OKAY...I'LL  
GET YOU  
DOWN!

CHOP!  
CHOP!



THERE!

KALP!

HE...HE FELL  
BEHIND THE GOAL  
LINE WITH THE  
BALL!

RAH!  
TOUCHDOWN!  
YAY!

WE  
WIN!



THE GAME'S  
OVER...  
HARELIP  
HIGH WINS!  
HURRAH!

SON, I CAN'T SEE  
WHO YOU ARE...  
BUT CONGRATU-  
LATIONS!

WELL, IF IT  
WASN'T FOR  
MY POP AN'  
THE TURKEY...

HE'S RIGHT,  
COACH! LET'S  
KEEP THE  
BIRD AS A  
MASCOT!

YEAH,  
MISTER!  
DROP THAT  
TURKEY!









# TEEN TALES



HE'S **ONE** MAN WHO ISN'T WORTH USING PERFUME AT \$20 AN OUNCE TO CATCH!

I'LL BITE...WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THE ALPHABET?

**U** AND **I** AREN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TOGETHER!



WHAT KEPT YOU FROM SCHOOL YESTERDAY? ACUTE INDIGESTION?

NO! A **CUTE SOPHOMORE!**



MY CAR'S OUT OF GAS! WHAT DO I DO NOW?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? **I'VE** NEVER BEEN OUT WITH YOU BEFORE!





# SCIENCE MARCHES BACKWARDS

MR. and Mrs. Jones were miserable for more reasons than one. Not only were they both sneeze-and-sniffle victims, but neighborhood outcasts, as well. For the past two days, all of their neighbors had looked at them queerly and questioningly and had, whenever possible, avoided them.

"You'd think we had the *plague*!" Mrs. Jones worried.

The only member of the Jones household who appeared to be perfectly normal was Jitterbuck. Every morning and evening found him busily puttering around the cellar or attic of the Jones house.

"Just keep away frob us," his father had advised him. "We dod't wadt *you* catchig cold too!"

So Jit kept to himself, working away at some private, mysterious enterprise that kept him completely absorbed. When he heard his mother worrying about the neighbors' attitudes, he just shrugged his shoulders and thought, "Unfriendly, huh? A bunch o' sis-sies, scared o' the least little . . . I'll get it, mom!"

This last was in reference to the front door bell, which was ringing in a loud, demanding fashion. When Jit opened the door, he was surprised to see the big, burly Chief of Police, who eyed him coldly. "What goes on here?"

demanded the Chief. "We just gotta complaint from your neighbors across the street that . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," Jit interrupted. "There goes the back door bell!"

On the back porch, helmet and all, stood the Fire Chief, who darted a dirty look at Jit. "There's somethin' mighty funny goin' on here," he began, "an' we just gotta call from one o' yer neighbors . . ."

"Excuse me, please," gasped Jit, "but I hear the phone ringing."

A harsh accusing voice came to him over the wires. "This is Dougherty, Department o' Public Welfare an' Sanitation!" it said. "We just gotta complaint from yer whole block that . . ."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Jones entered her living room to find a stern cop, an angry fireman and her bewildered son, all shouting at the tops of their voices.

"You folks been actin' darn suspicious," the Police Chief said. "Keepin' ta yerselves an'—*whew!* How can ya *stand* it in here?"

"Stadt *what?*" demanded Mr. Jones, joining the crowd. "What's wrogg?"

"Are you *kiddin'?*" asked the Fire Chief, holding his nose with thumb and forefinger. "It's *terrible!* No wonder the neighbors started ta beef!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked about them in puzzlement. "I'b afraid I . . ." Mr. Jones started to say, when Jitterbuck shouted out loud.

"I know, I know!" he said. "It's me . . . uh . . . my *experiments*, I mean! Look!"

He led the visitors down the basement steps and, as they approached the cellar, the Fire Chief looked weak and the Police Chief looked sick. "Wha . . . what is it?" they gasped. "That *smell!*"

"My laboratory!" announced Jit proudly. "I'm experimentin' with growin' mold on stale fish an' vegetables!"

"Ad we couldn't sbell it!" said Mr. Jones.

"But the *neighbors* could!" The Chief of Police could hardly keep from smiling.

It was the *first* spanking Jitterbuck Jones had received in ten years!



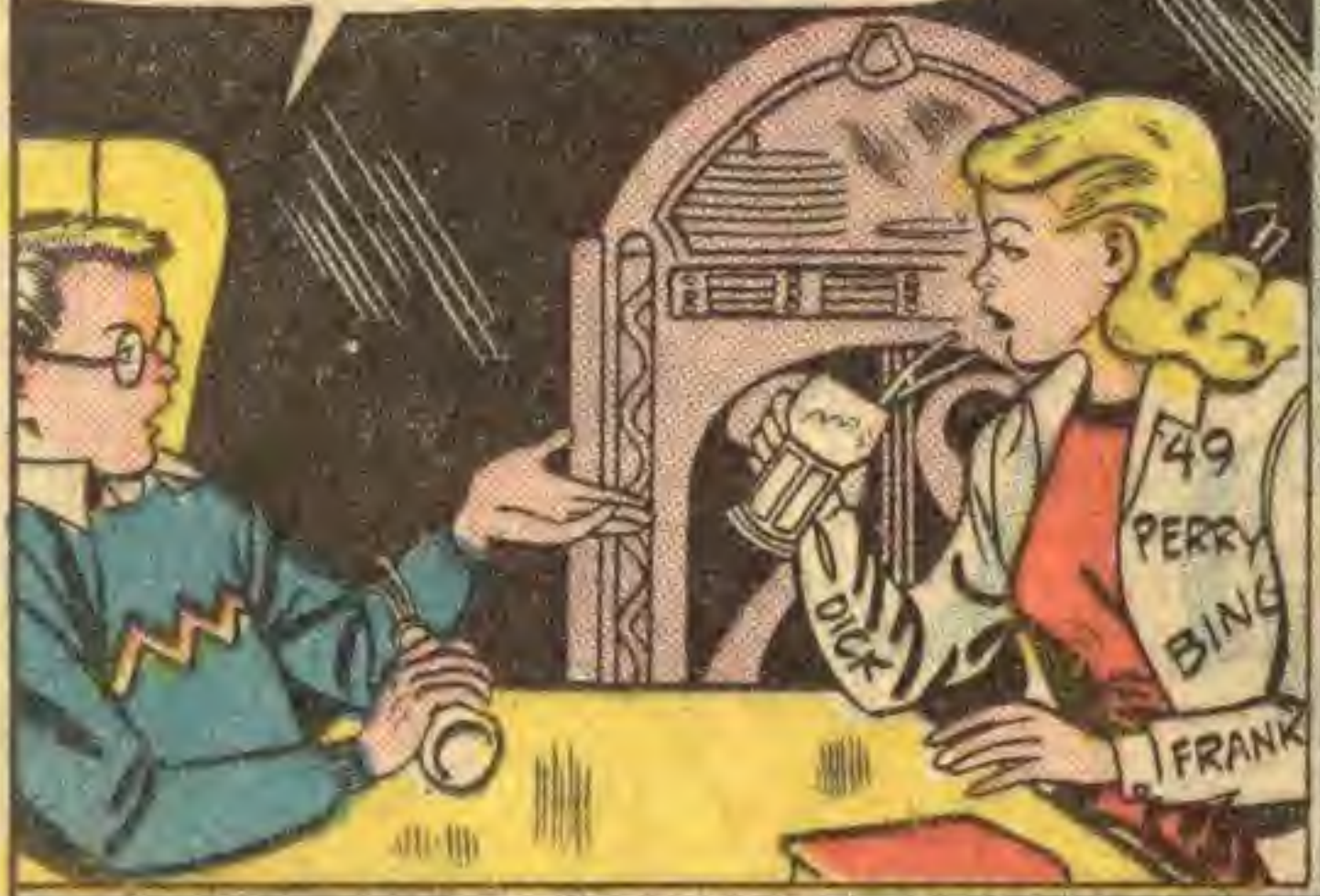


# PICKLES





NOPE, THAT'S THE **BRIGHT** SIDE!  
ACTUALLY, HE'S FAILING **ALL** HIS  
SUBJECTS BUT **HISTORY**...AND HE  
MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GO ON THE  
**CLASS TRIP WITH US!**



**EAVESDROPPING  
IN THE NEXT  
BOOTH...**



HAHA... WELL,  
CURDLE MY COKE!  
SO PICKLES MAY  
NOT BE ELIGIBLE  
FOR THE BIG TRIP  
NEXT WEEK! HMM...  
**COULD I MOVE IN ON  
DEBBIE THEN!**

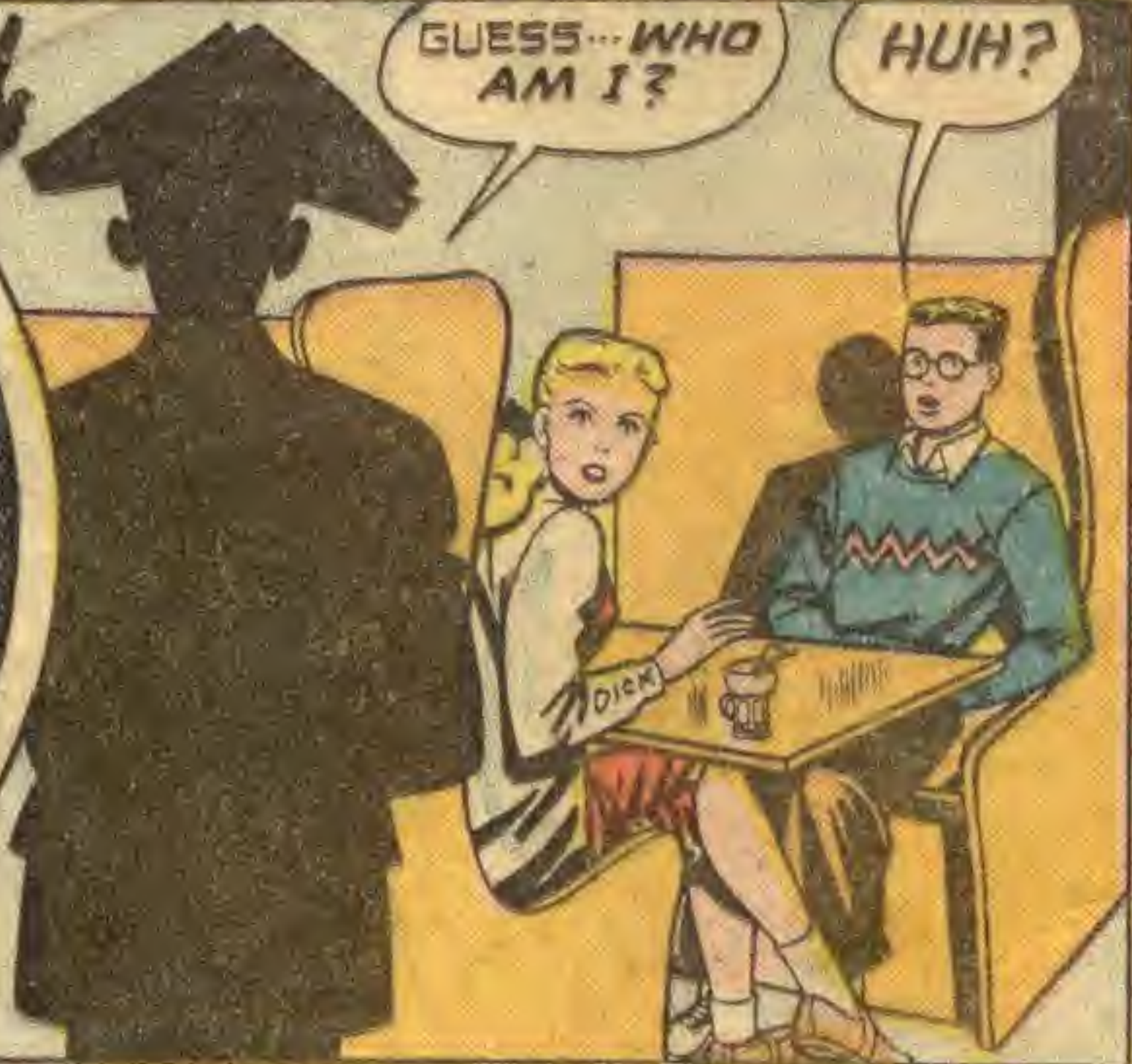


HERE COMES  
PICKLES NOW!



GUESS...WHO  
AM I?

HUH?



DIDN'T YOU KNOW?  
I'M AS FAMOUS AS  
**NAPOLEON!**

FAMOUS AS  
**NAPOLEON?**  
I DON'T GET  
IT!



WELL, I JUST  
WENT DOWN IN  
HISTORY, TOO!





OH, PICKLES, **NO!** THAT MEANS YOU'RE FAILING **ALL** YOUR SUBJECTS-- AND FINAL EXAMS ARE TOMORROW!

GULP-- THAT'S RIGHT, DEBBIE!

WELL, C'MON! WE'RE WASTING TIME HERE--WE'RE GOING HOME WITH YOU AND BURN THE MIDNIGHT OIL! YOU'RE GONNA **CRAM ALL NIGHT** IF NECESSARY, SO YOU'LL PASS!



GEE! I'VE **GOTTA** GO ON THE CLASS TRIP WITH YOU, DEBBIE!

AN' I'VE GOTTA SEE THAT YOU **DON'T** BUB! NOW LESSEE-- HMMM ...

**AT PICKLES' HOUSE--**

WE'LL START WITH **CHEMISTRY!** WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT CHEMISTS OF THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY?



ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE **ALL DEAD!**

STOP CLOWNING! WHAT DOES  $\text{HNO}_3$  SIGNIFY?

AH--ER--I'VE GOT IT **RIGHT** ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE!

WELL, DON'T SWALLOW IT-- IT'S **NITRIC ACID!**





Meanwhile,  
outside...

HERE'S YOUR  
FIVE BUCKS! NOW  
MAKE IT **GOOD!**

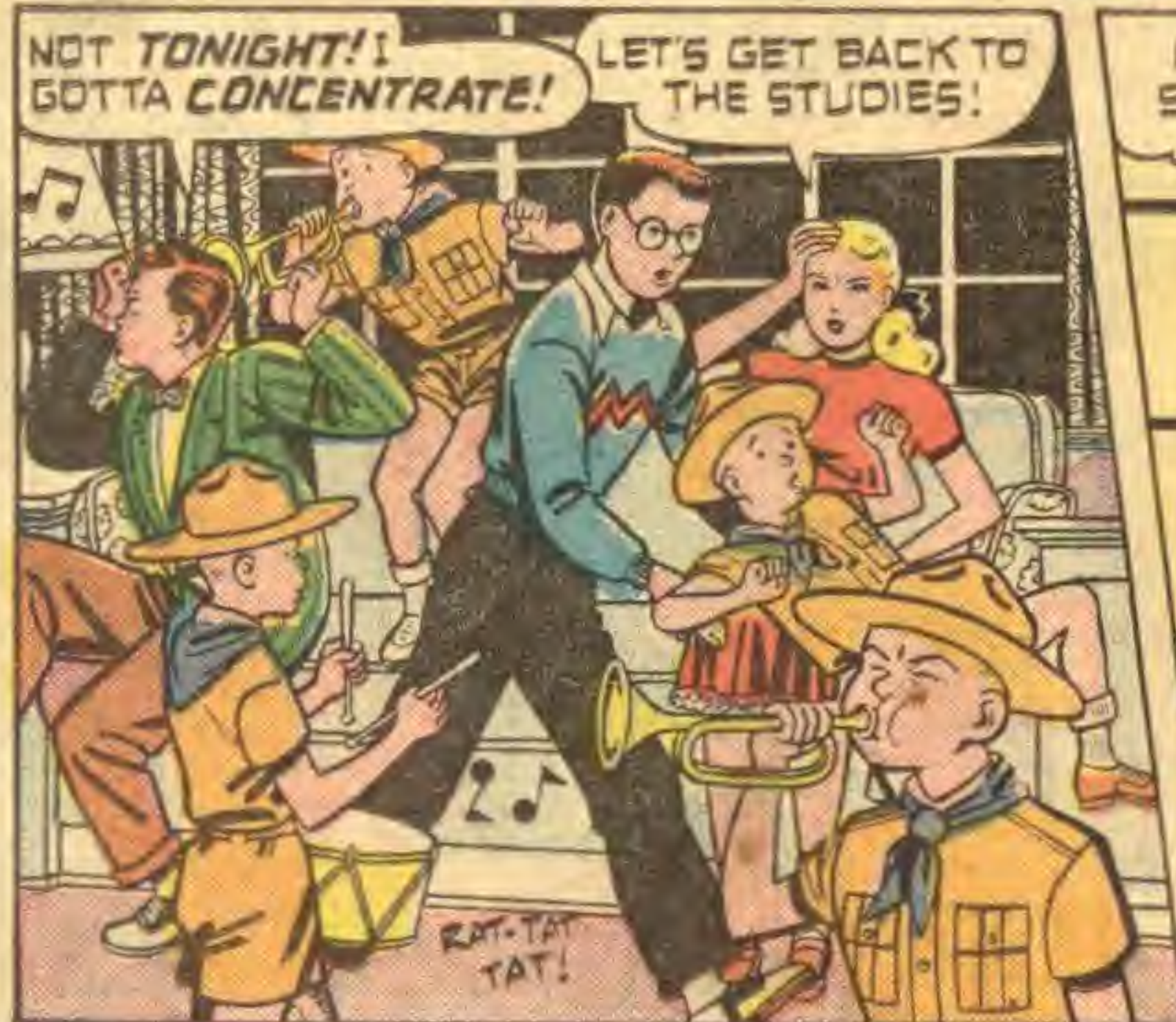


WHAT'S  
THAT?

TA-DA  
DA



**EAGLE SCOUT PICKLES,**  
THE BEAVER PATROL  
DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS  
IS HERE TO SERENADE YOU  
AND MAKE YOU AN HONORARY  
LEADER!



NOT TONIGHT!!  
GOTTA **CONCENTRATE!**

LET'S GET BACK TO  
THE STUDIES!

RAT-TAT  
TAT!



HEH-HEH! YOU AIN'T  
SEEN **NOTHIN'** YET,  
CHUM!





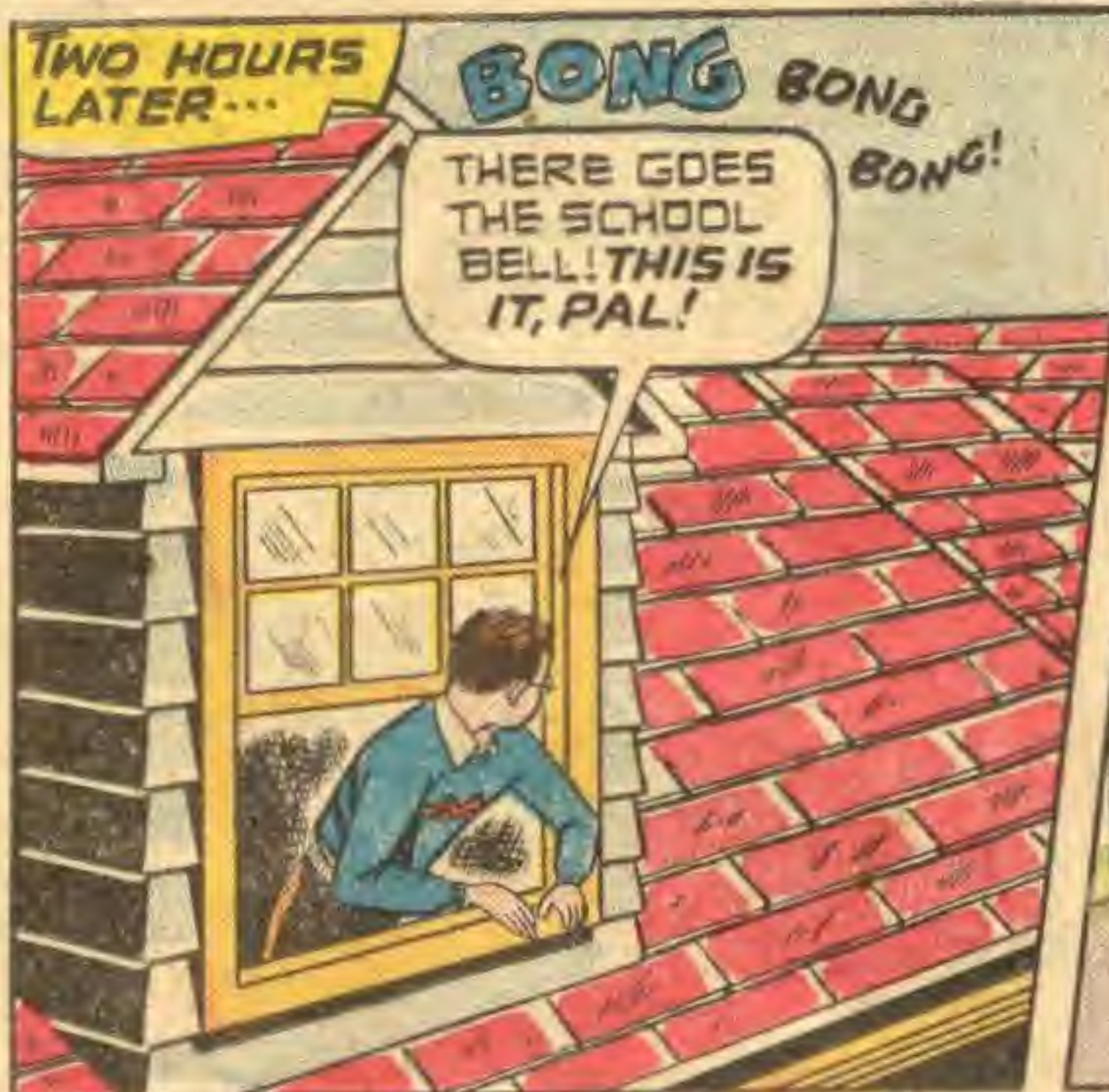




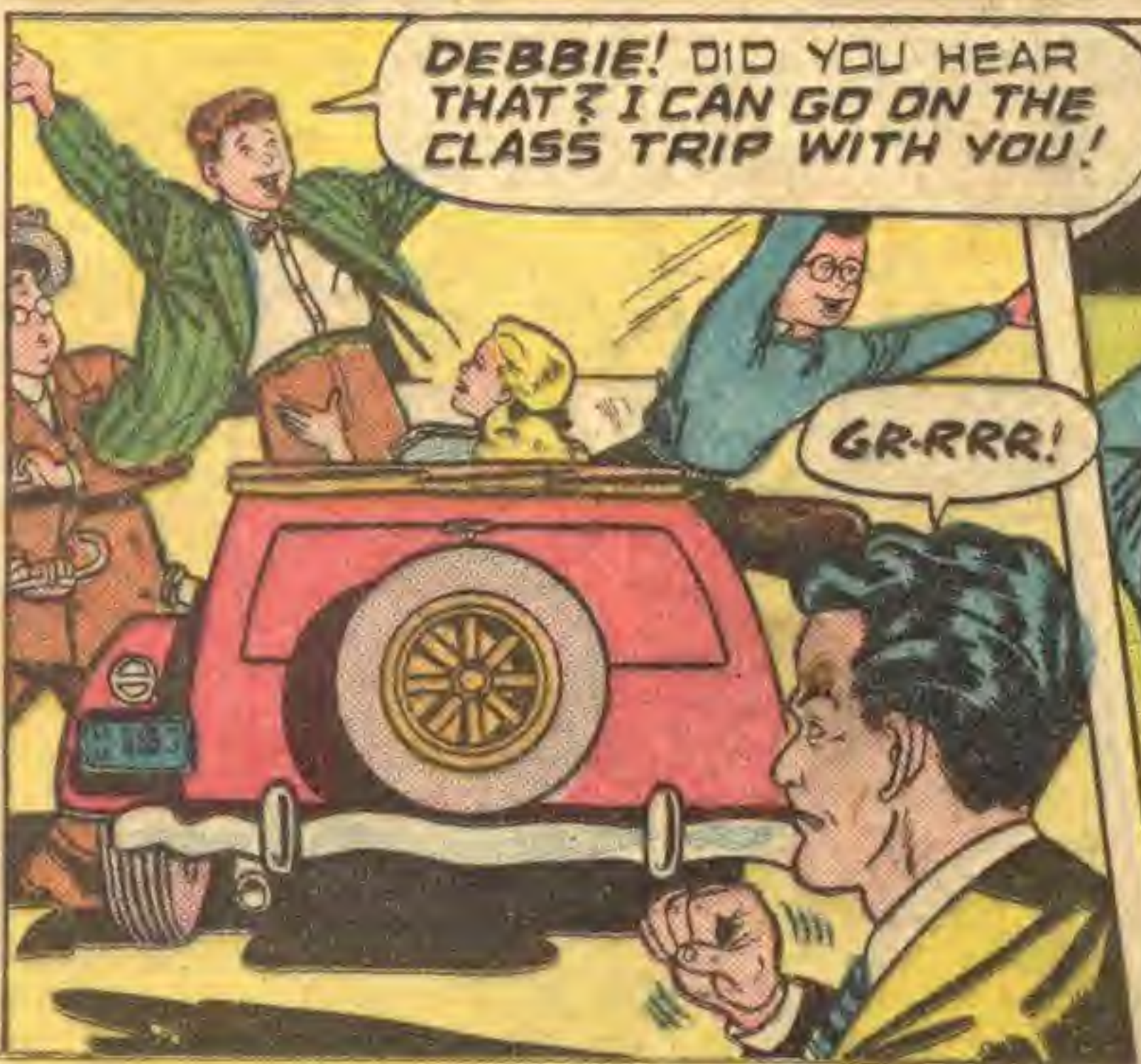
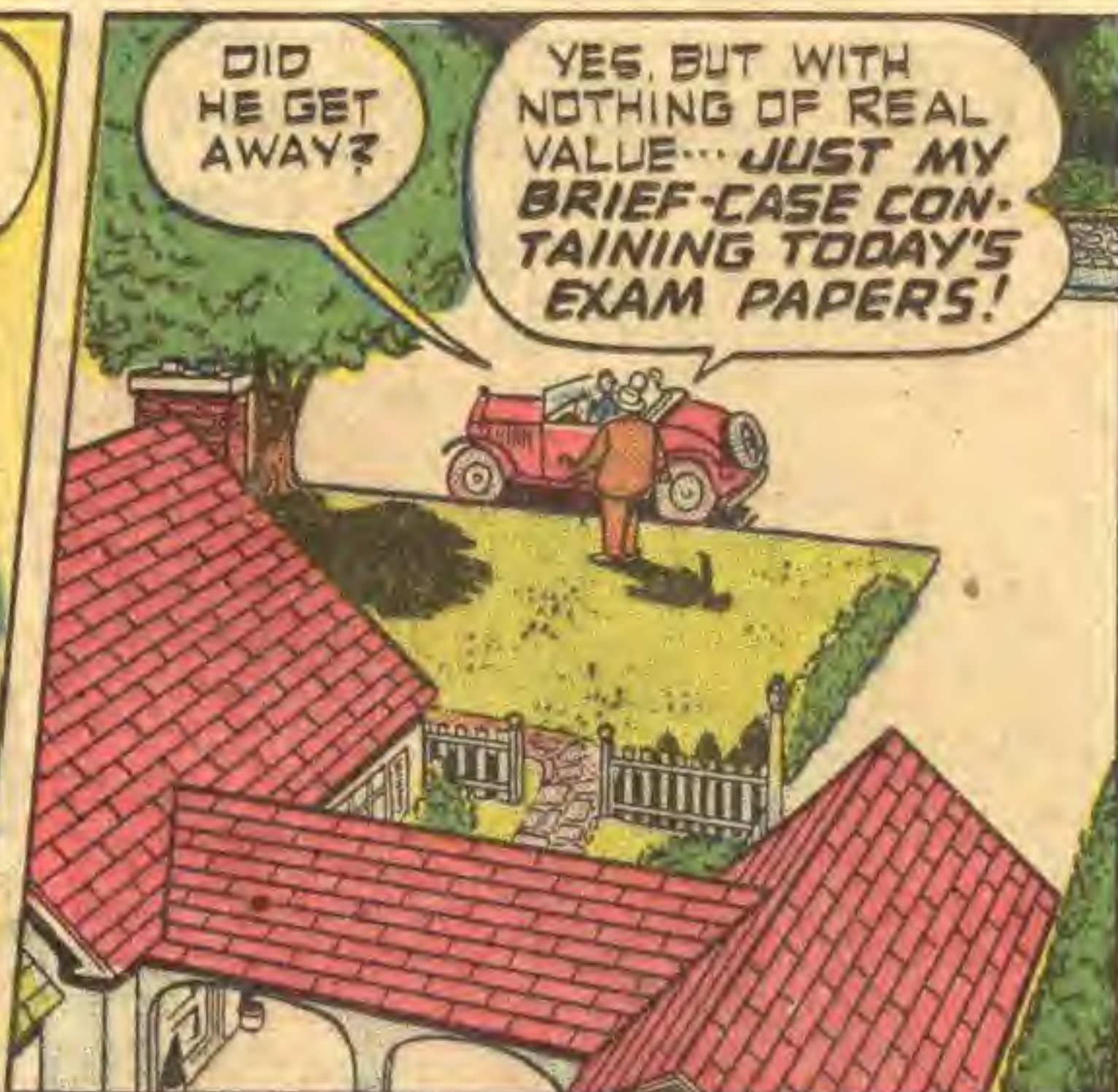
**The NEXT MORNING...**













# "COOKIE"



THAT'LL BE \$3.98, PLEASE!

DO YOUR Xmas. SHOPPING EARLY

\$3.98! BOY, THIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING CERTAINLY RUNS INTO DOUGH, DOESN'T IT, COOKIE?

YEAH, JITTERBUCK... BUT WHEN I'M BUYIN' PRESENTS FOR A COUPLA KEEN GALS LIKE ANGELPUSS AN' MY MOM, WOT'S MONEY?





HEY, SPEAKIN' OF ANGELPUSS... LOOKIT THIS DUMMY!

WELL, WODDEYA KNOW! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HER!



JUST LIKE HER...EVEN FROM THE BACK!...OOPS!

WATCH IT, COOKIE! YOUR FOOT'S CAUGHT IN HER HEM!

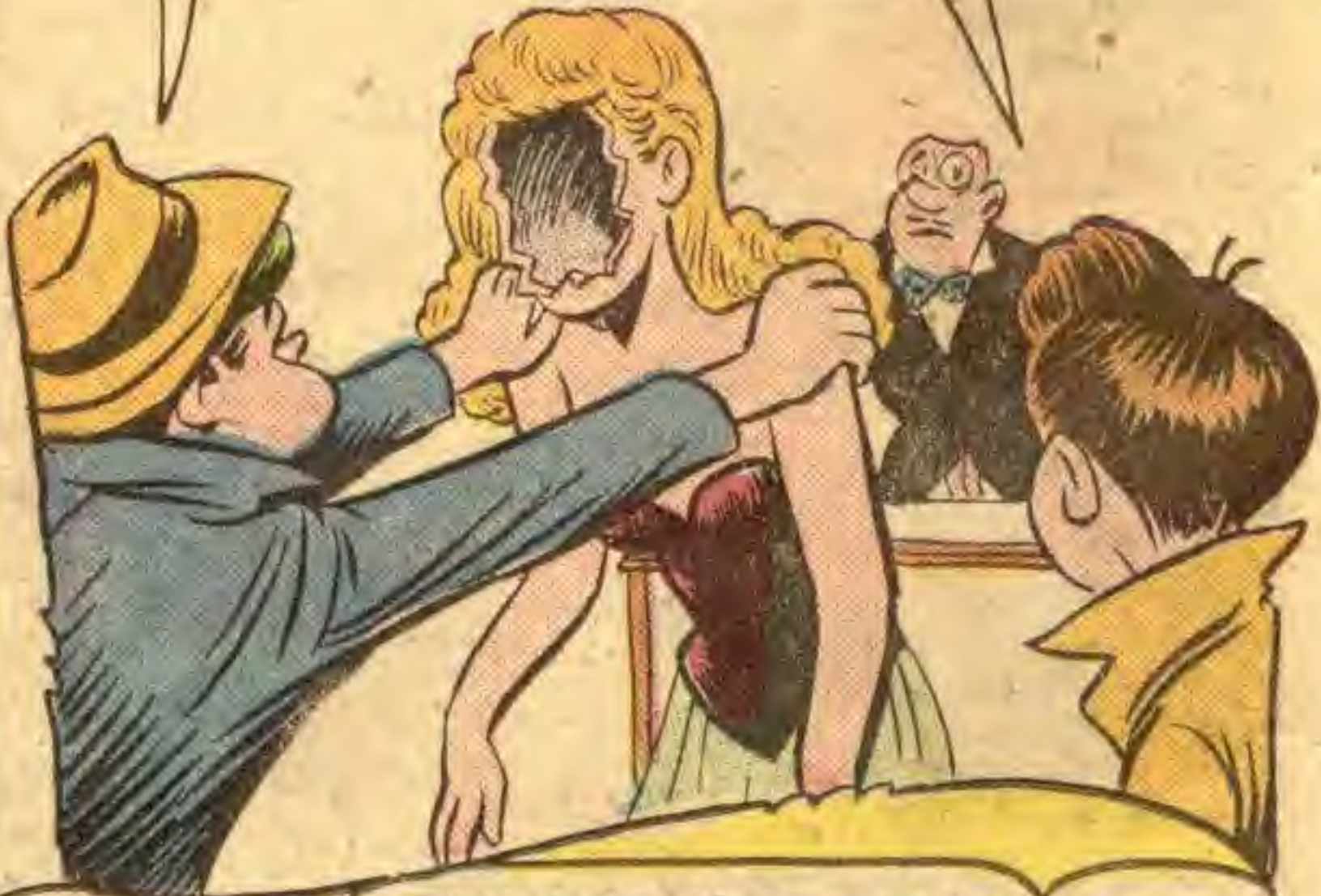


ODF!

CRASH!

HOLY COW! YA BUSTED HER KISSER!

AN' HERE COMES A CLERK! WOT'LL WE DO?



WHAT BROKE? WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?

ER... DUST...?

DUST... WITH EYES YET?

OKAY, YOU! GET OUT FROM INSIDE THERE AND COME TO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!

YESSIR...





YOU ADMIT IT WAS YOUR OWN CARELESSNESS THAT CAUSED THE DAMAGE...**SO PAY UP!**

BUT JEEPER, SIR...**A HUNDRED AN' SIXTY BUCKS!** I'M B-BROKE! YA SEE, I JUST BOUGHT PRESENTS...

...FOR MY MOTHER AN' MY GIRL FRIEND...WHICH LEAVES ME **FLAT!**

**HOLD IT, KID!**... LISTEN, BOSS... THAT JOB IN THE SHIPPING ROOM...**BZZZ, BZZZ...**

THAT'S IT! HE CAN **WORK** IT OUT!

MANAGER

AHEM...IF YOU'LL TURN UP HERE FOR WORK EVERY DAY AFTER SCHOOL...AND ALL DAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS...I THINK WE CAN CALL THE WHOLE THING **SQUARE!** HOW'S **THAT?**

GEE, SIR, THAT'S JUST **PEACHY**...I GUESS!

**L**ATER...AT THE SODA JERKERIE...

...SO I'M SORRY, ANGELPUSS, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO THE GAME TOMORROW! I GOTTA WORK...CHRISTMAS EXPENSES AN' ALL THAT!

I'M SORRY TOO, COOKIE!

WELL, I'M NOT! NOW YOU CAN GO WITH ME, ANGEL! **WOW!**

FORGET IT, ZOOT! IF **COOKIE** CAN MAKE SACRIFICES TO BUY PRESENTS FOR THE PEOPLE HE LIKES, THEN I GUESS I CAN FOREGO THE GAME AND **YOU TOO**... BECAUSE I LIKE HIM!

WHY? BECAUSE HE'S GOT A **JOB?** HUH...I COULD GET ONE TOO!

OH, COME NOW, ZOOT! WHO'D HIRE **YOU?**

HMMM...LET ME **THINK!** NOW JUST SUPPOSE YOU CAME IN TO WORK TOMORROW AND FOUND THAT I WAS YOUR BOSS! WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO **THAT?**

I'D SAY **OW!**



30...THE NEXT DAY...

OKAY, COOKIE!  
SAY OW!

ZOOT! YOU  
...A FLOOR-  
WALKER? HOW  
COME?

WELL...UNLIKE YOUR POP,  
MY OLD MAN'S GOT IN-  
FLUENCE! SO WHEN I  
TOLD HIM I WANTED A  
JOB AS YOUR BOSS, HE  
SIMPLY CALLED AN OLD  
FRIEND...WHO OWNS  
THIS STORE...AND  
FIXED IT!

OKAY, GOLDEN  
BOY...SUCK ON  
YOUR SILVER  
SPOON! BUT  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE! I GOT  
WORK TO  
DO!

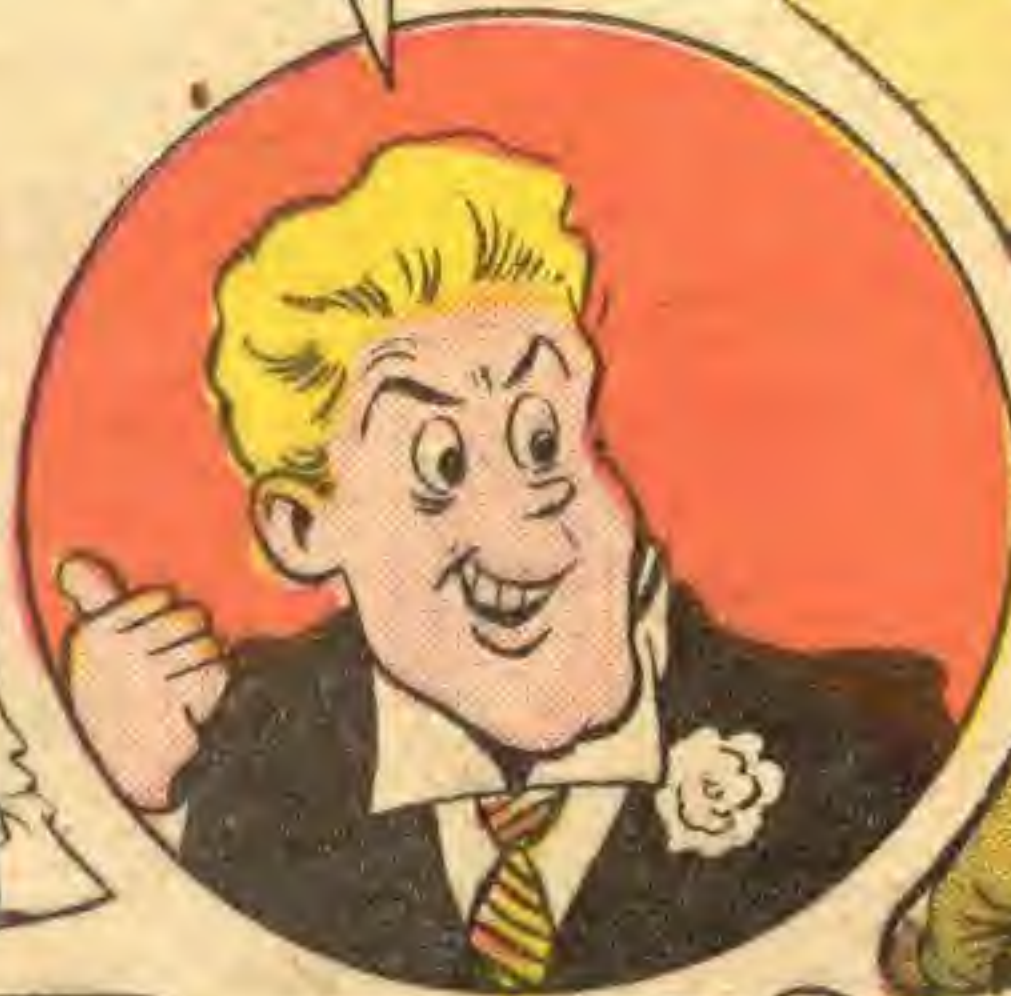
OH, I KNOW THAT  
...AND YOU CAN  
START BY GETTING  
ME A GLASS  
OF WATER!

WHY,  
YOU...

CAREFUL, COOKIE...  
REMEMBER I CAN  
MAKE TROUBLE!  
I'M YOUR BOSS, SO  
RUN ALONG!

LET'S SEE NOW!  
I DIDN'T GET THIS  
JOB BECAUSE I  
LIKE TO WORK!

IF I CAN'T  
MAKE A  
BUM OUTA  
HIM IN ANGEL'S  
EYES, THERE'S  
NO PROFIT  
IN IT!



UMMM...A LITTLE  
SWITCHING OF  
LABELS ON THESE  
PACKAGES, TO  
START WITH!

HEY! WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOIN'?

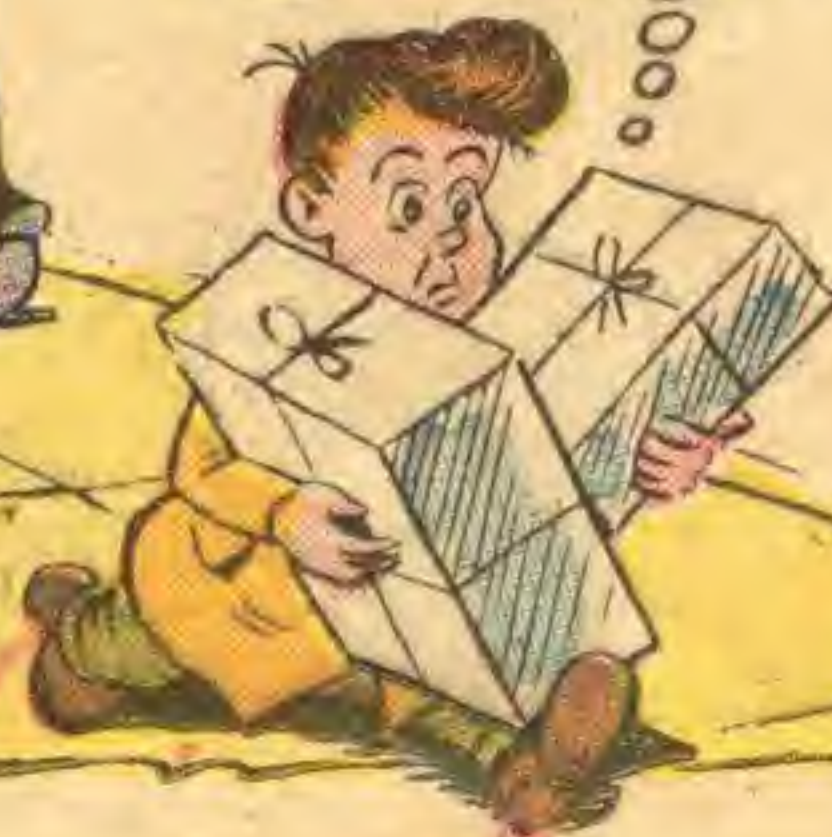


DON'T TAKE THAT  
ATTITUDE WITH ME,  
BOY! JUST GET BUSY  
AND MAKE THESE  
DELIVERIES!

SOMETIMES I WISH MY POP WAS  
BORN RICH INSTEAD OF



-WELL...INSTEAD  
OF THE WAY HE  
LOOKS!





ONE MORE TO GO!  
LET'S SEE...MR.  
O'TOOLE...  
833 NORTH...

WELL, WODDEYA  
KNOW! THAT'S MY  
HOUSE!

HIYA, MOM!  
GOT A PACKAGE  
FOR POP!

REALLY? I'LL BET IT'S  
MY **CHRISTMAS**  
**PRESENT** FROM  
HIM! PROMISE YOU  
WON'T SAY ANYTHING  
IF I TAKE  
ONE LITTLE  
PEEK!



**COOKIE!** IT...  
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL  
FUR COAT!

...AN' A CARD THAT  
SAYS "TO YOU FROM  
YOUR LOVING HUSBAND!"  
...THAT DOESN'T SOUND  
LIKE POP!

HE'S JUST THE DEAREST  
MAN IN THE **WORLD!**...  
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
OUT LIKE I NEVER  
SAW IT BEFORE  
WHEN HE GIVES  
IT TO ME ON  
CHRISTMAS!

SURE, MOM... I  
UNDERSTAND!  
WELL, I GOTTA  
BE GETTIN'  
BACK TO THE  
WORKHOUSE!  
S'LONG NOW!

HEY, YOU... COME  
WITH ME! THE  
MANAGER WANTS  
TA SEE YEZ!

A MR. FLINK CALLED TO  
SAY THAT INSTEAD OF THE  
**FUR COAT** HE ORDERED,  
YOU DELIVERED AN ELECTRIC  
IRON! **WHERE'S THE COAT?**  
**SPEAK UP!**

WHY, AT **MY**  
HOUSE, OF  
COURSE! YOU  
SEE...





THAT'S ENOUGH!...  
JOE, YOU GO GET THE  
COAT WHILE I CALL  
THE POLICE! PLAIN  
LARCENY, THAT'S  
WHAT IT IS!



I...I GOTTA GET TO  
THE HOUSE BEFORE  
THAT MUG DOES!

COME  
BACK,  
YOU!



OH,  
NO! POOR  
MOM!



I'LL HAFTA BREAK  
THE NEWS GENTLY!  
POOR MOM...AN'  
SHE LOVED THAT  
COAT SO!



OH-OH!  
COPS!



I GOTTA HIDE  
AN' WAIT MY  
CHANCE TO  
GET OUT!

AN' WOT, PRAY, DID THE  
CULPRIT LOOK LIKE,  
BEJABBERS?

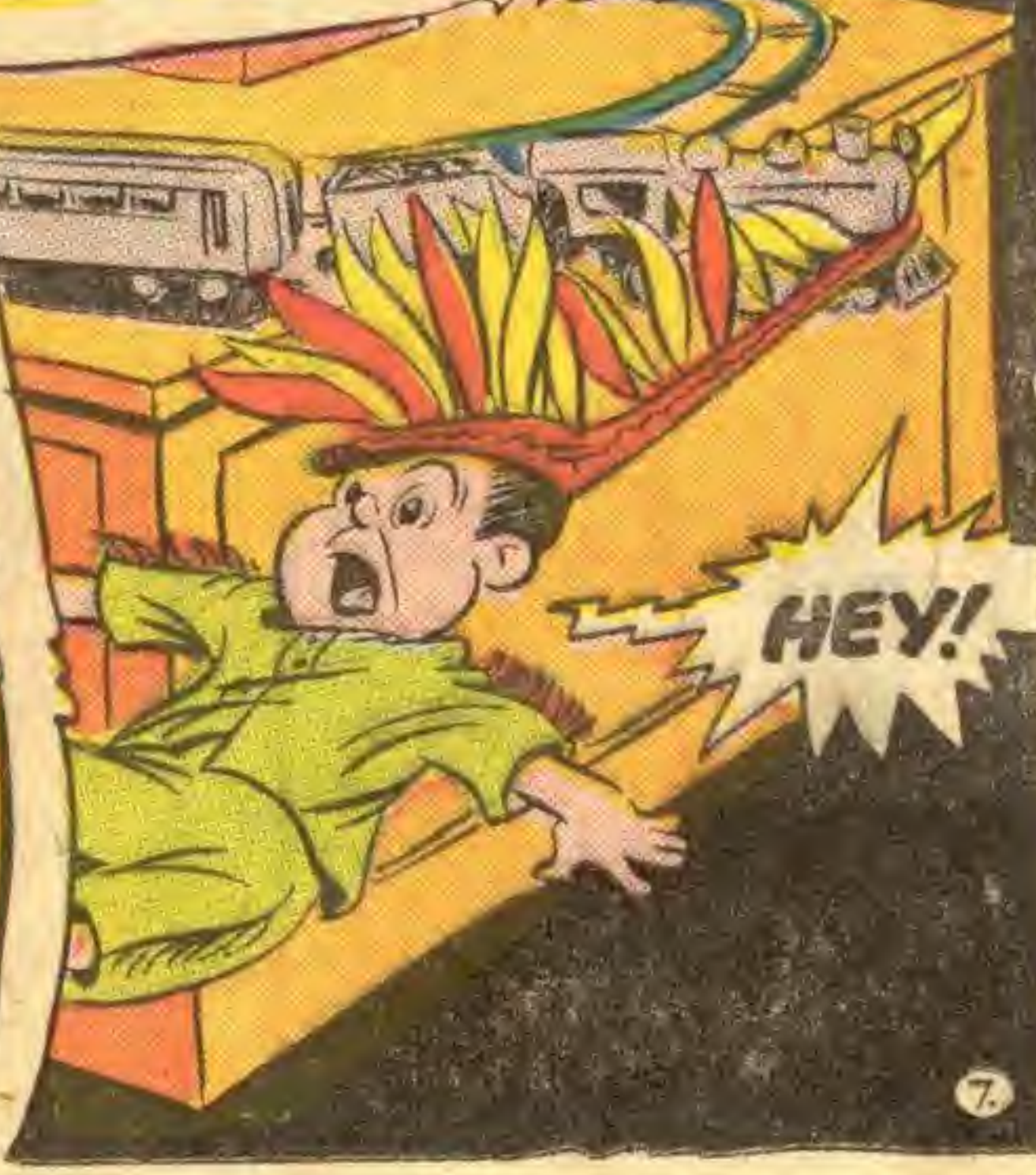
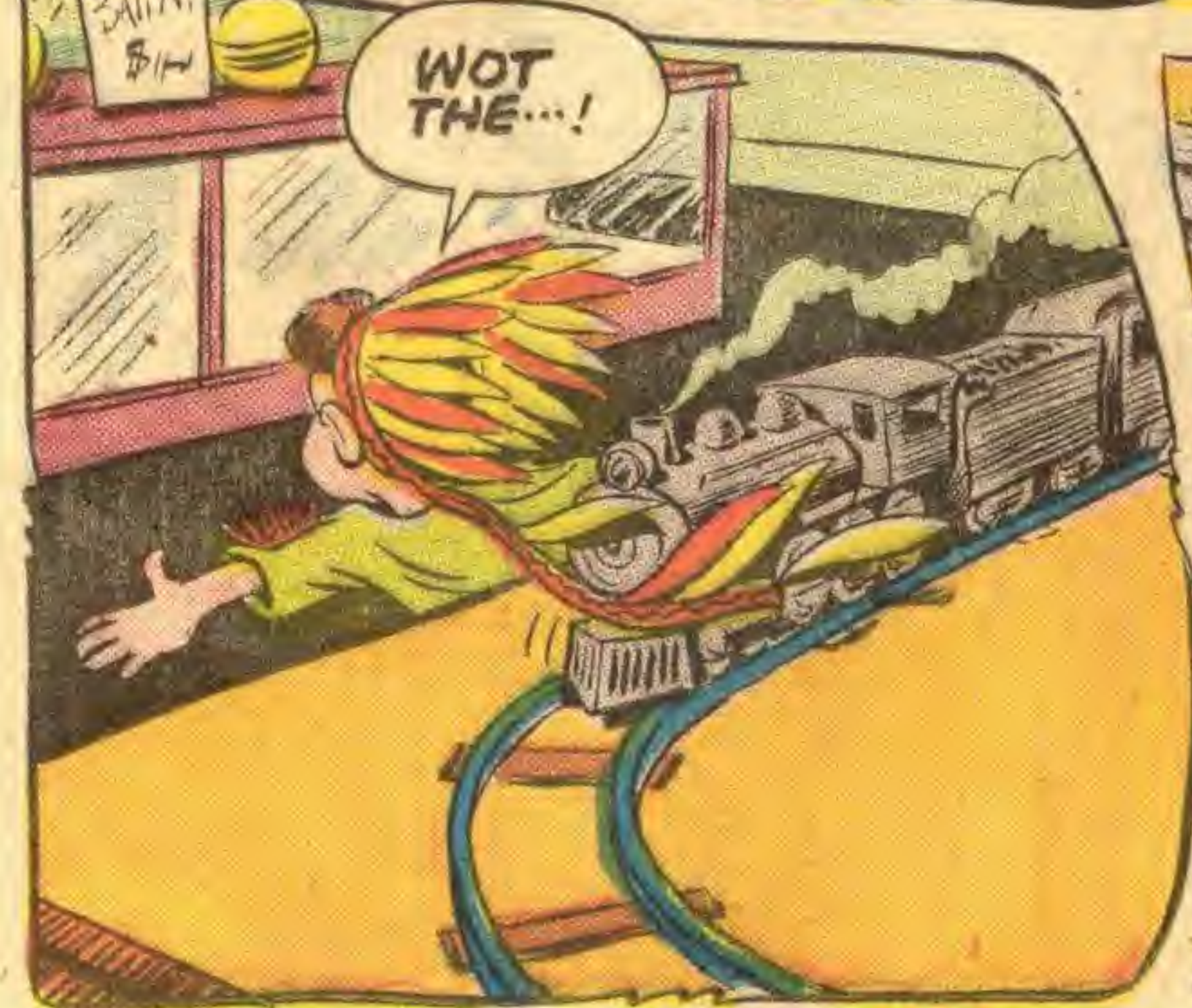
TOYS



WELL, HE WAS SHORT...WITH  
DARK HAIR...A SHIFTY EYE...  
FUNNY NOSE...DOPEY  
EXPRESSION...













"JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,  
JINGLE ALL THE WAY!  
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE IN  
A ONE-HORSE OPEN SL..."

TO  
EVATOR

HEY,  
YOU!

WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF TAKING MORE  
THAN A HALF-  
HOUR FOR LUNCH?  
GET BACK ON  
YOUR THRONE  
...AND FAST!

ER...BUT...I  
MEAN...YESSIR!  
OF COURSE,  
SIR!



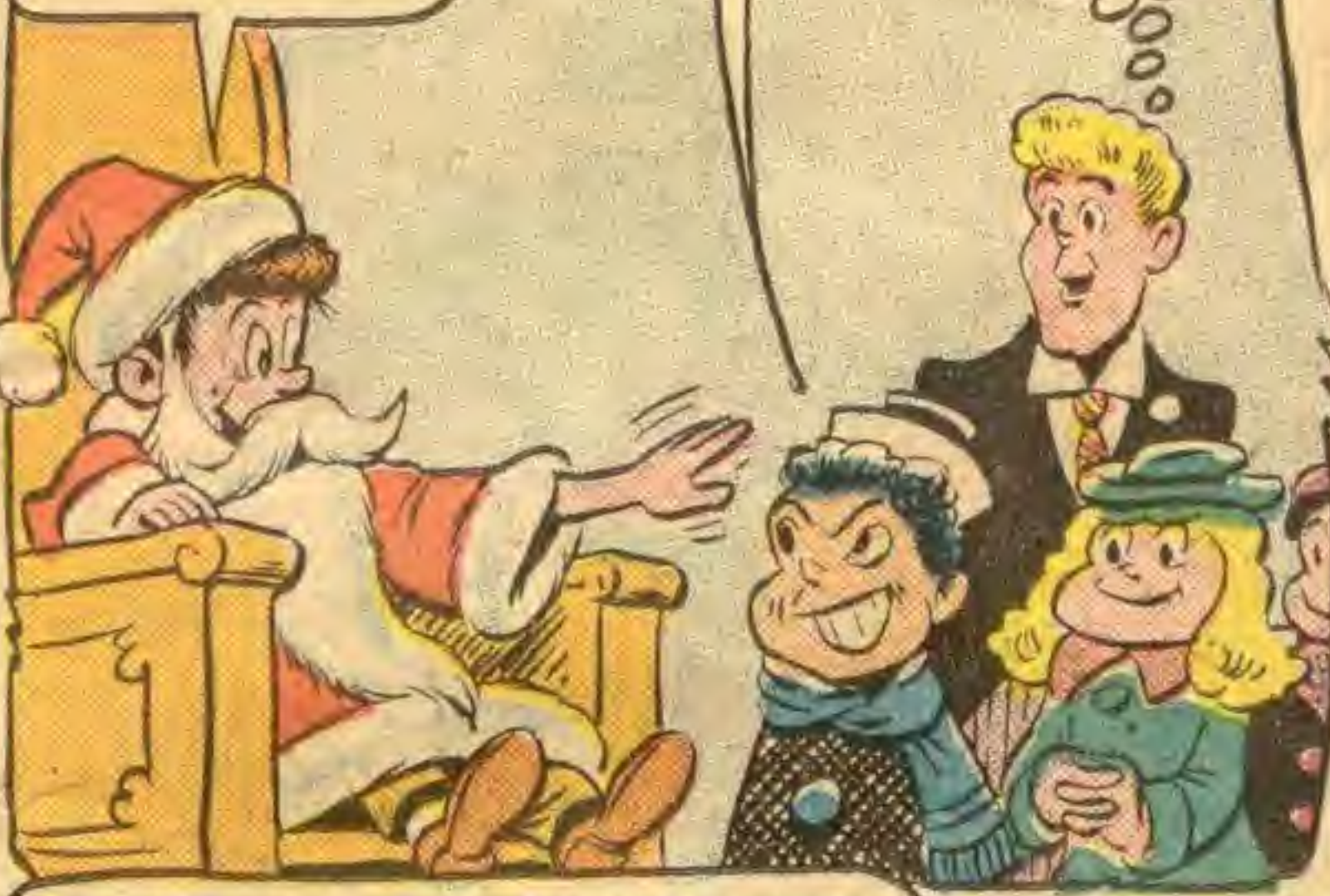
ER...AHEM! AN'  
WOT DOES THE  
LITTLE MAN WANT  
ME TO BRING HIM  
FOR CHRISTMAS?

LANA  
TURNER!

WOT THE...!  
THAT'S COOKIE  
IN THE SANTA  
OUTFIT!

MR. QUACKENBUSH!  
YOU KNOW THAT KID  
WHO STOLE THE  
FUR COAT? WELL,  
HE'S...

OH, YES... THAT  
FINE YOUNG LAD!  
IF YOU SEE HIM,  
TELL HIM I'D LIKE  
TO **APOLOGIZE!**  
YOU SEE, WE FOUND  
HE WAS **RIGHT**...IT  
WAS ALL A **MISTAKE!**  
SOMEBODY SWITCHED  
THE LABELS ON THOSE  
PACKAGES...SOME  
**JERK**, NO DOUBT!

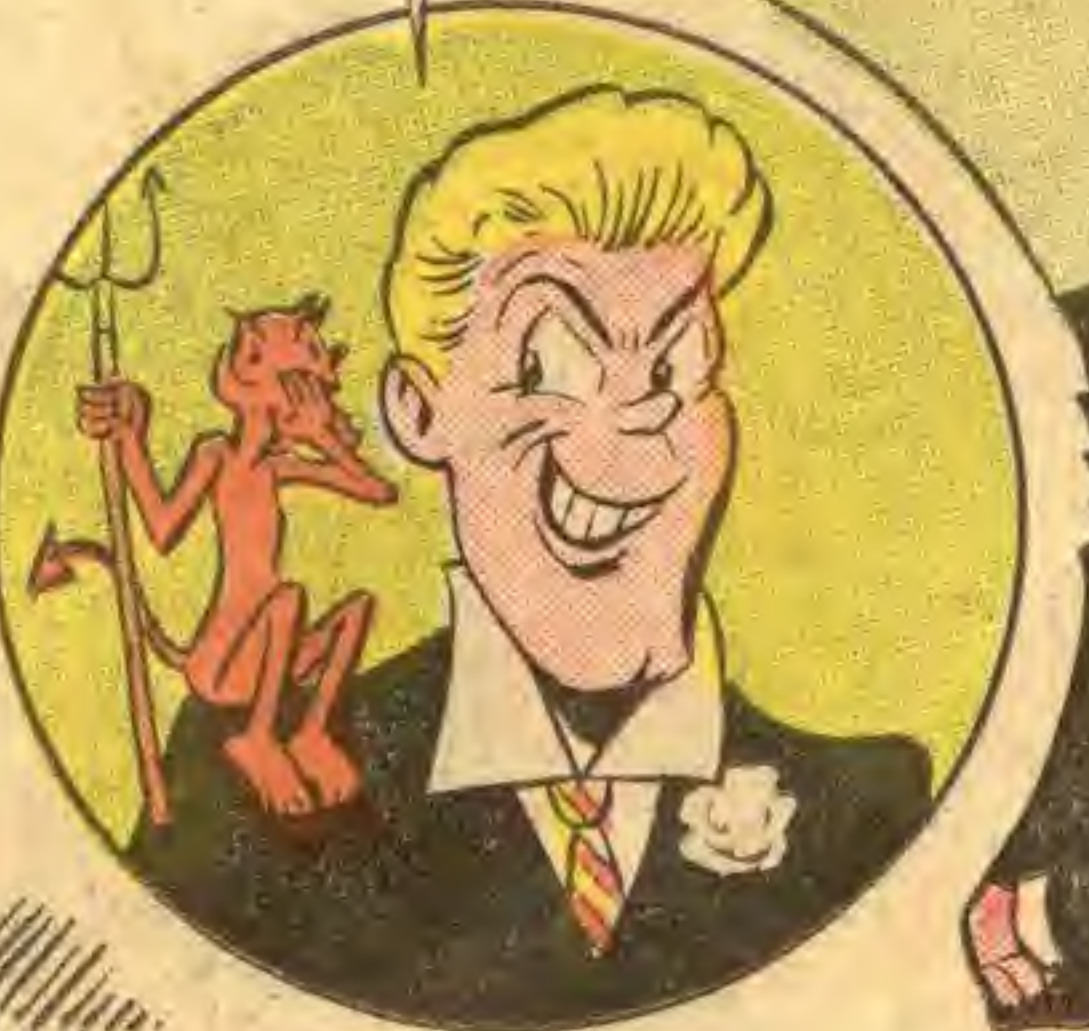


JEEPERS...I REALLY GOTTA  
DO SUMP'N TO MAKE HIM LOOK  
BAD NOW! OTHERWISE HE'LL PUT  
'EM WISE THAT I HAD SUMP'N  
TO DO WITH ALL THIS, AN'...  
LET'S SEE NOW!

UMMM....

HI, SANTA! MAKIN'  
ALL THE LITTLE BRATS  
...I MEAN, KIDDIES  
...HAPPY?

**ZOOT!**  
ER... THAT  
IS... SURE!  
OF COURSE!





FINE! SO SANTA'S  
GIVING YOU *EVERY*  
THING YOU WANT,  
EH, KIDS?

WELL, HE HASN'T  
GIVEN US ANYTHING  
...BUT HE'S SURE  
MAKIN' A LOTTA  
PROMISES!

PROMISES!! OH, HE'S GOING TO BE  
MUCH TOO BUSY ON CHRISTMAS  
TO BRING EVERYTHING HE'S  
PROMISED! SO YOU'D BETTER  
JUST HELP YOURSELVES  
NOW!... ISN'T THAT  
RIGHT, SANTA?

HUH?  
B-BUT...  
WELL, I GUESS  
YOU'RE THE  
B-BOSS!

**YIPPEE!**  
I'M TAKIN'  
A BIKE!

'LECTRIC  
TRAINS FOR  
ME!

I'M GETTIN'  
ME FIVE  
DOLLS!

CHRISTMAS  
WAS NEVER  
LIKE THIS!

GEE,  
THANKS,  
SANTA!

HEY, WOT'S THE  
IDEA? GIMME  
MY COAT!

Y-YESSIR!

WHERE'S ALL THE TOYS?  
THE JOINT'S CLEANED  
OUT!

BELIEVE IT OR  
NOT, SANTA...  
BUT SHORTY  
HERE GAVE  
THEM ALL  
AWAY!



WHY, YOU LITTLE PUNK! WOTCHA TRYIN' TA DO...RUIN MY JOB?

B-BUT...

MR. MANAGER! MR. MANAGER! I CAUGHT A RAT, MR. MANAGER!

FURS

HEY, MOM, LOOKIT SANNY CLAUS! HE'S GONNA HIT THAT BOY!

WELL! OF ALL THE DISPLAYS!

I'LL NEVER SHOP IN THIS STORE AGAIN! COME, JUNIOR!

WAIT!

ER...PLEASE, LADIES! DON'T GO! AH...SANTA WAS JUST PLAYING! HE REALLY MEANS TO GIVE THE YOUNG MAN A PRESENT! ER...YES! A PRESENT...

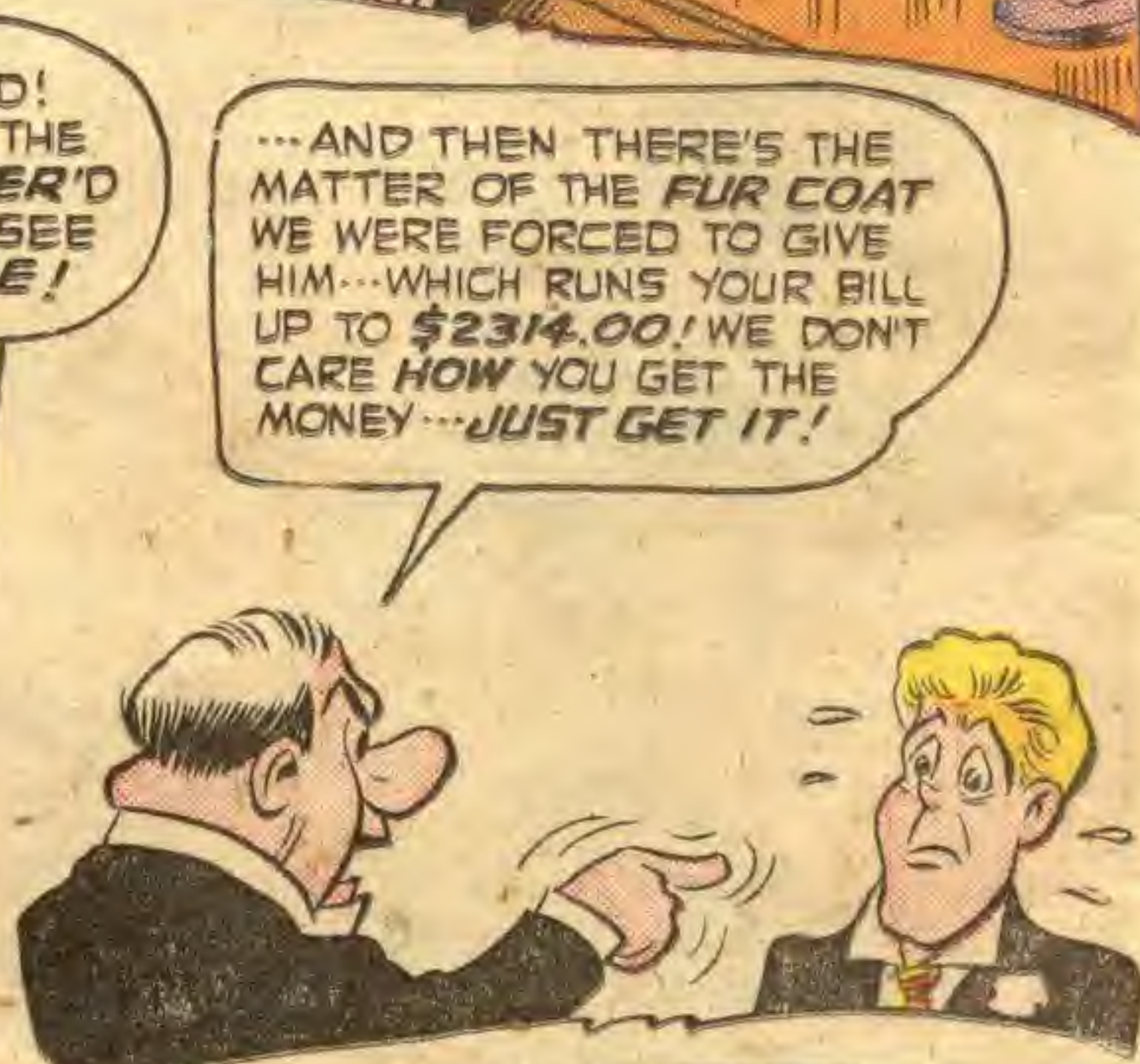
GO ON, YOU JERK! FOR THE GOOD OF THE STORE...GIVE HIM SOMETHING, QUICK!

ER...YES, SONNY! HA-HA! JOLLY OL' SANTA AN' ALL THAT...I WAS JUST JOKIN'! NOW, WHAT IS IT YOU'D LIKE?

HMMM...WELL...I'LL JUST TAKE ONE OF THESE FUR COATS FOR MY MOM!









# The YANKS ARE COMIN'!

COOKIE O'TOOLE sat bolt upright in bed and clutched his cheek violently. "Yipes!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Toothache!"

He dressed, tiptoed to the bathroom for a bottle of toothache drops, and stole silently down to the garden. "Gotta get rid of this toothache fast," he muttered. "If I hafta go ta that ol' Dr. Fallsplate, I—I—"

"Hi, Cook, what's with you?" a voice broke in on Cookie's frenzied thoughts. Cookie whirled around, trying to hide the medicine bottle. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, it's you, Jit," he greeted his pal. "Brother, have I got a toothache!"

"Lemme see," demanded Jit, advancing towards his suffering buddy.

"I . . . ova . . . eeh . . . baa," Cookie opened his mouth wide, pointing to a back tooth.

"Gee!" breathed Jit. "The Grand Canyon! Brother, are you ever lucky I came along! I will now demonstrate the Jitterbuck

Jones Toothache Cure! All I do is take yer head in my hands, get a good grip on ya, and twist yer neck . . . like so!"

"Hey! Ouch!" yelped Cookie. "My neck! My tooth!"

"Don't give up," Jit urged him warmly. "Ya don't wanna hafta go ta ol' Dr. Fallsplate, do ya?"

"No!" snapped Cookie decisively.

"All right, then. Ya gotta cooperate, and the Jitterbuck Judo'll do the trick! Stand on yer head!"

"The purpose o' this," Jit informed the struggling Cookie, as he tugged at his feet, "is ta cause yer red corpuscles ta circulate around yer gums, see? Now waggle yer feet an' cross yer arms on yer chest an' . . . Cookie!"

"I think my leg's broken," Cookie said when he could finally speak. "I musta slipped."

"But yer toothache!" Jit exclaimed. "How's that?"

"Worse'n ever," moaned Cookie.

"Then there's only one thing left!" Jitterbuck offered. "Yank out the tooth . . . yerself!"

Up to the attic went Cookie. He tied a piece of twine around the aching tooth. The other end went around the doorknob. But before he could proceed any further—wham! The door swung back on its hinges . . . and Cookie lay flat on his back!





"Why, son, whatever are you . . . ?" Un-suspecting, Mrs. O'Toole entered the attic, after having dealt her miserable son a sound blow with the attic door.

"It's . . . it's nuthin', mom, honest," Cookie trembled. "I was just tryin' . . . I mean . . . er . . ."

"Trying *what*?" Mrs. O'Toole's wise eyes read the situation at a glance. "All right, Cookie O'Toole, get your hair combed and your face washed. *You're going to the dentist's!*"

A half-hour later, Cookie sat nervously in Dr. Fallsplate's waiting room. "I'm *not* goin'

weak little laugh. "I should say *not* What's there ta be scared about?"

"Oh, Cookie," Angelpuss sighed, clasping her hands together. "you're so *brave!*"

When the nurse beckoned Cookie into Dr. Fallsplate's presence, the young hero felt a surge of panic. But he also felt Angelpuss's blue eyes upon him! So in he went!

When Dr. Fallsplate tilted the chair back as far as it would go, Cookie felt as though his last moment had come. The dentist picked up a wicked-looking instrument and poised it over his face. "Now, where is your trouble?" he asked severely



in!" he said to himself. "There're seven people waitin'—I'll let 'em all go first an' by that time, it'll be too late fer me! That's what I'll . . . *huh?*"

The "huh" was spoken aloud and addressed towards the shapely figure of Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon, who had just entered the waiting room. Angel looked pretty, but mighty uncomfortable. Her eyes lit up when she saw Cookie.

"Oh, Cookie," she breathed soulfully, seating herself near the trembling warrior, "aren't you scared stiff?"

"Scared?" repeated Cookie, managing a

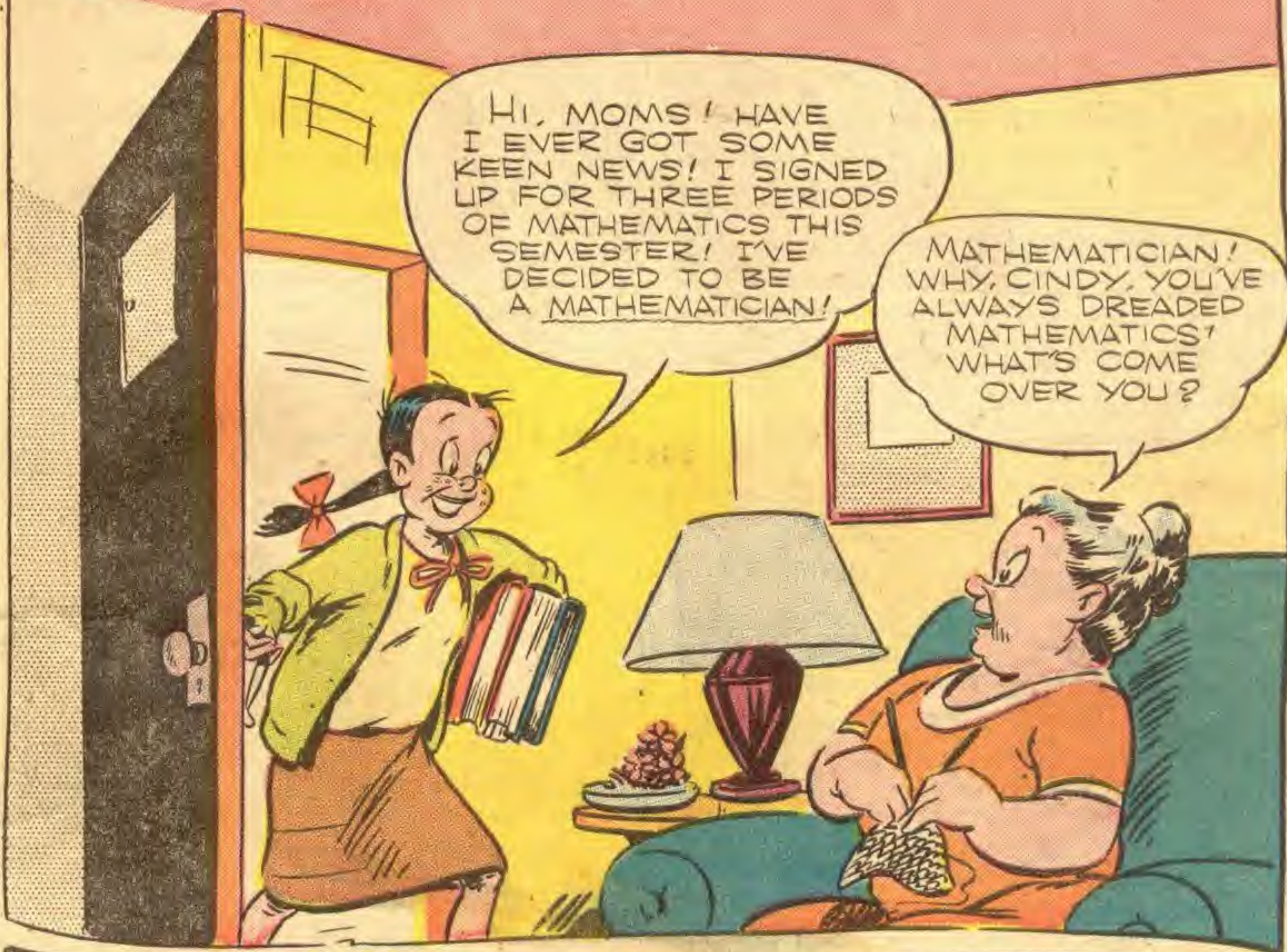
"Ere," mouthed Cookie, in the faintest of whispers.

The dentist looked at Cookie's teeth. Then he looked at Cookie. "My dear boy . . . " he started to say, when the phone rang. "Excuse me a minute, I'll be right back," he stated. For a few minutes he spoke briefly into the phone, and then he advanced on Cookie again.

"My dear boy," he said once more, "I've just been speaking with your mother, who tells me something I've already discovered. *You have no tooth there . . .* it came out when your mother . . . er . . . slammed you with the attic door! *You're dismissed!*"



# OUR KID SISTER





LATER  
THAT  
EVENING -

GEORGE, OUR CINDY  
HAS DECIDED TO BE A  
MATHEMATICIAN!

GOOD  
HEAVENS  
--NO!



SHE IS MAJORING  
IN MATHEMATICS!  
OH, OH, THE PHONE!

SIT STILL, ALICE,  
I'LL GET IT!

R-R-R-R

RING

R-R-R



GREAT SCOTT! NO RACE TO THE  
PHONE TONIGHT! CINDY DIDN'T  
EVEN LOOK UP FROM HER  
BOOK!



OH, CINDY! IT'S  
FOR YOU!!



HELLO-THAT YOU, KITTY?  
I'M SORRY, BUT I'M TOO  
BUSY TO TALK NOW-  
G'BYE, KITTY!

!?!?



I MUST BE HAVING A DREAM!  
WHY, SHE NEVER STOPS SHORT  
OF AN HOUR ON THESE EVENING  
GAB-FESTS!











LATER!

GOSH! DO YOU HEAR THAT? SHE JUST TURNED OFF HER LIGHT! SHE'S BEEN STUDYING HER MATH FOR HOURS!

GO TO SLEEP, GEORGE! WE'LL TALK IT OVER TOMORROW!



WE WON'T TALK IT OVER! WE'LL GO TO THE SCHOOL AND FIND OUT ABOUT THIS PROGRESSIVE TEACHING ROUTINE! IF THEY CAN MAKE CINDY LIKE MATHEMATICS SO MUCH, MAYBE WE CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS ON DOING THE DISHES!

THAT'S A NOBLE IDEA, GEORGE! GOOD NIGHT!

NEXT DAY!



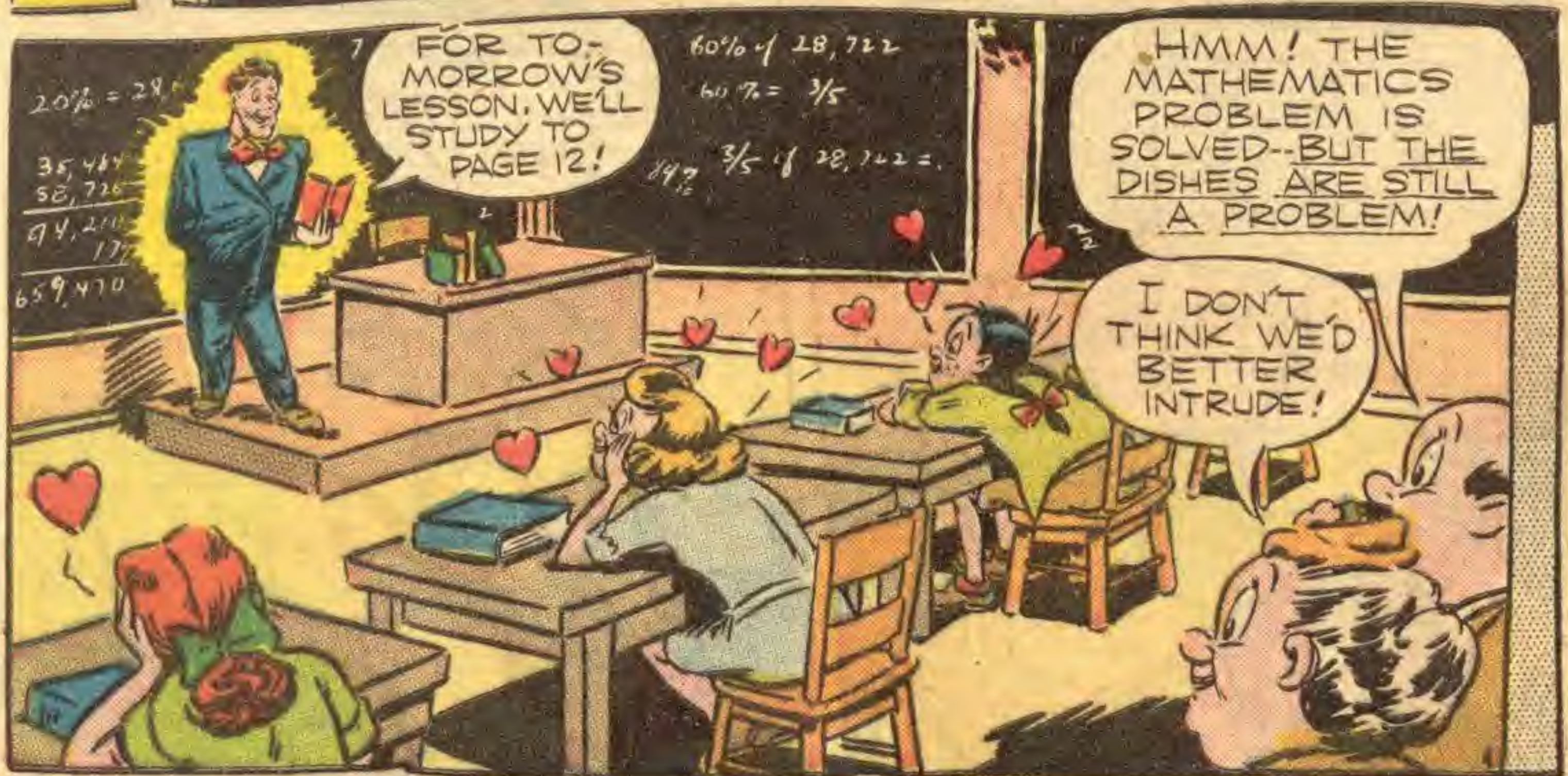
THIS IS THE SCHOOL, DEAR! PARK THE CAR AND LET'S GET OUR LESSON IN PROGRESSIVE TEACHING!

RIGHT! AND I HOPE WE GET RESULTS!



I GUESS THIS IS THE CLASS ROOM, ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO IN!

I HOPE CINDY'S TEACHER IS AN UNDERSTANDING WOMAN!



$20\% = 28$   
 $35,484$   
 $58,726$   
 $94,211$   
 $17$   
 $659,470$

FOR TOMORROW'S LESSON, WE'LL STUDY TO PAGE 12!

$60\% \text{ of } 18,722$   
 $60\% = \frac{3}{5}$   
 $\frac{3}{5} \text{ of } 28,722 =$

HMM! THE MATHEMATICS PROBLEM IS SOLVED--BUT THE DISHES ARE STILL A PROBLEM!

I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER INTRUDE!



# DEBBIE

by AL HARTLEY





Meanwhile...

GUESS I'LL BUZZ OVER TO DEBBIE'S! GOTTA DATE HER FOR THE SWING-DING SATURDAY, IF I CAN!

SAY, DEBBIE, DON'T YOU GET A BANG OUT OF THESE "BEFORE AND AFTER" ADS?

THERE'S MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY TO THEM, SWEETHEART! I'M NO SLOUCH WHEN I'M DOLLED UP, BUT LOOK AT ME WITH MY HAIR IN CURLERS!

LOOKS LIKE I'M WIRED FOR SOUND! I'D SURE HATE TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN LIKE THIS!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?... I CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THAT WATER RUNNING!

I SAID I'D HATE TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN LIKE THIS!

IS THIS OPPORTUNITY BASHING MY DOOR? I'M HERE TO GIVE DEBBIE AN INVITE, BUT IT'S A CINCHE SHE'LL GIVE ME HER USUAL NO! I'VE GOT A CAMERA... HMMM, MAYBE A LITTLE BLACKMAIL COULD SWING THIS DEAL!

GO AHEAD... BURY YOUR SCRUPLES! THIS SET-UP IS A NATURAL FOR A GUY OF YOUR TALENTS!







OH! GIVE ME THAT!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS GOING TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK... UNLESS...

BLACKMAIL! ROMEO, YOU'RE A KODAK CAD!

I HAVE NO SCRUPLES WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED, DEBBIE!



I SUPPOSE THERE'S A PRICE TO KEEP IT OUT OF PRINT!... WHAT IS IT?

CHEAP ENOUGH... JUST BE MY DATE AT THE SWING-DING SATURDAY!

GET SHUFFLING, YOU CHISELER... AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!



WHAT TO DO...WHAT TO DO?...WHAT I NEED IS A GALLANT KNIGHT ON A WHITE CHARGER!







OH, PICKLES! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DITTO, DEBBIE! WHAT COOKS?



DEBBIE TELLS HER PROBLEM...

GOSH, DEBBIE, I'M NOT PERRY MASON! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT PICTURE BACK! I DON'T CARE HOW!



WELL, I'LL TRY TO ANGLE SOMETHING OUT, BUT...

THERE'S THE DOORBELL...I'LL GET IT!



IS THIS THE RAVELLI RESIDENCE?

NO, THEY LIVE AT 65 LINCOLN ROAD...THIS IS 65 MONROE STREET!



SORRY!

RAVELLI...? HEY, HOLD ON THERE! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE RAVELLIS?



I GOTTA SWEEP THEIR CHIMNEY, GIRLIE!

MISTER, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY...COME IN FOR A MINUTE!



HUH? ME  
COME IN?

ABSO! YOU JUST LEAVE EVERY-  
THING RIGHT HERE, COME INSIDE  
AND RELAX! I'M GOING TO MAKE  
YOU SOME COFFEE AND CAKE!

NOW JUST SIT HERE, PLAY MY  
RECORDS AND GET COMFY...  
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH  
SOME CHOW!



PICKLES, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! I'LL  
KEEP THIS MAN HERE! YOU TAKE  
HIS PLACE AND GO OVER TO  
RAVELLI'S... THEN YOU CAN GET  
THAT PICTURE, DON'T YOU SEE?



ARE YOU KIDDIN'?  
ROMEO LOVES ME  
LIKE THE MEASLES!  
HE'LL NEVER LET  
ME IN!

NATCH, HE  
WON'T... IF  
HE KNOWS  
WHO YOU  
ARE!



...BUT WITH THIS BURNT CORK ON,  
HE WON'T KNOW YOU FROM  
AMOS AND ANDY!



MR RAVELLI, I'VE  
HEAH TO SWEEP  
YO' CHIMNEY!

YOU'RE A NEW MAN,  
AREN'T YOU? WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THE  
OTHER FELLOW?

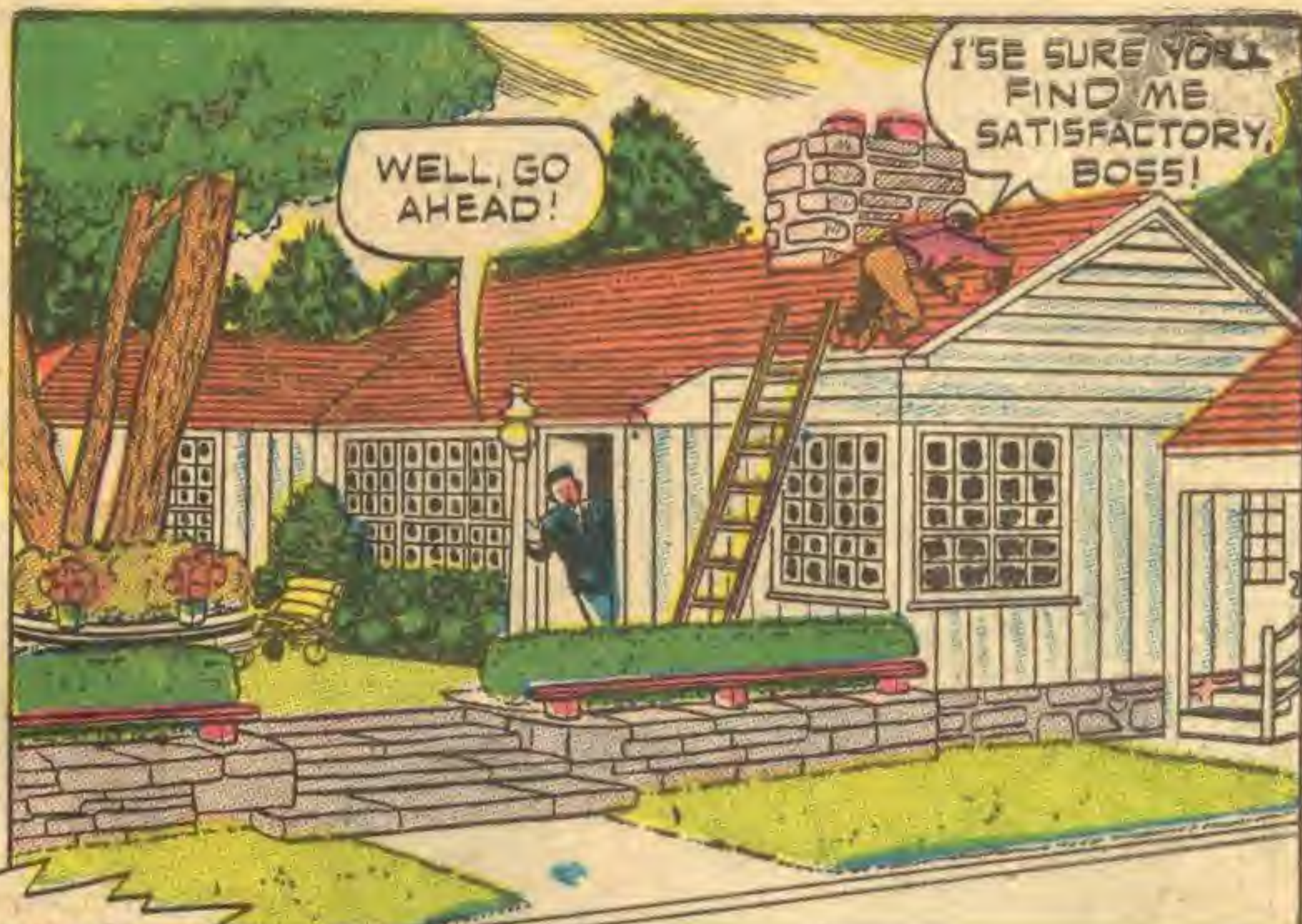




OH, HE HAD TO QUIT!  
HE CAME DOWN  
WITH THE **FLUE!**



WELL, GO  
AHEAD!



I'VE SURE YOU'LL  
FIND ME  
SATISFACTORY,  
BOSS!

SNIFF-SNIFF...  
CHOK...HOLY SMOKE!  
STOP, YOU FOOL...YOU'RE  
FILLING THE HOUSE WITH...  
COUGH...CHOK...!!



AH! HERE'S THE PICTURE...AND  
HERE'S THE NEGATIVE! NOW TO  
ESCAPE UNDER A BLANKET OF  
SMOKE AND CONFUSION!



PICKLES, THAT CHIMNEY  
ACT WAS **GRATE!** NOW  
**WE** CAN GO TO THE  
DANCE TOGETHER!



BUT RIGHT NOW, LET'S  
GO INTO THE DARK  
ROOM AND SEE  
WHAT DEVELOPS!



**THE  
END!**



# ZOOT

---AND I THOUGHT THAT AS LONG'S I'M GOING TO THE DANCE WITH COOKIE, YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE MY COUSIN MATILDA, ZOOT!

HUH? SORRY, ANGELPUSS--- BUT THERE'LL BE NO BLIND DATES FOR YOURS TRULY! UH-UH!



WOW!



HEY, JIT---**QUICK!** WHO'S THAT GORGEOUS DOLL WITH COOKIE?

HER? WHY, THAT'S **MATILDA** ---A COUSIN OF---



**MATILDA! SAY NO MORE! HEY, ANGELPUSS--- WAIT!**

?



LOOK, HONEYPIE---I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! WHY, I'D BE **DEE-LIGHTED** TA TAKE YER COUSIN TA THE DANCE!

OH, **ZOOT**---YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! THANKS **MILLIONS!**

MEET MY **COUSIN MATILDA!**

FUNNY, ISN'T IT, **COOKIE?** YOU AN' ANGELPUSS **BOTH** HAVIN' COUSINS BY THE SAME NAME!

ULP!





# LORRIE

by AL  
HARTLEY

MOTHER, WHAT  
TIME DO YOU  
HAVE?

IT'S 6:45,  
LORRIE!

GOLLY WEEPER!  
SOMETHING'S GOTTA  
BE DONE IN THIS  
HOUSE!



THE KITCHEN CLOCK SAYS 6:30,  
THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK SAYS  
6:50, AND MY BEDROOM ALARM  
SAYS 7:00!



AND WHY MUST YOU  
HAVE SUCH POSITIVELY  
ACCURATE TIME?



WHY, MOTHER! I'VE A DATE WITH  
PHIL AT 7:15! I'M TO MEET HIM AT  
THE CORNER, AND WITH TIME SO  
UTTERLY INDEFINITE AROUND  
HERE, I'M RUNNING A DREADFUL  
RISK...



...OF GETTING THERE  
ON TIME!





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